WEIRD ADVENTURES ON OTHER WORLDS—THE UNIVERSE OF THE FUTURE

PLANET COMICS

JULY
No. 25
10¢

FLINT BAKER—SPACE SCOUT
SOARS THE WASTE-WORLD OF THE OUTER VOIDS TO THE LAND THAT TIME FORGOT IN
"THE LIZARD-LIONS OF AZITROTH"

Also **HUNT BOWMAN**
LAST OF THE EARTHMEN

REEF RYAN

MARS—GOD OF WAR
AND MANY OTHERS

RUN, YOU SLIT-EYED SONS OF SATAN! THE RANGERS ARE HERE!
FOLLOW THE U.S. RANGERS
GUNS AND TERROR YAMMERING! HELL'S WHIRLWIND UNLEASHED ON TOJO'S LOOT LEGIONS WITH "KILL OR BE KILLED" THE WAR CRY!
DON'T MISS A SINGLE SMASH ADVENTURE WITH CAPT. "TIGER" MORGAN'S U.S. RANGERS IN...
RANGERS COMICS
also PHANTOM FALCONS
THE SEA DEVIL..
COMMANDO RANGERS
RANGERS COMICS
RAIDERS OF THE PURPLE DEATH

A FICTION HOUSE MAGAZINE

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THE NEXT ISSUE OF PLANET COMICS (No. 26, SEPT.) WILL BE ON SALE AT YOUR NEWSSTAND JULY 10th.

MARS
GOD OF WAR
By
ROSS GALLON
THE PITCH OF THE STRANGE SOFT MUSIC SUDDENLY CHANGES.. LOUDER AND LOUDER IT POUNDS IN THE SENSITIVE VENUSIAN EARS... COMMANDING KILL... KILL... KILL! A SYMPHONY OF HATE... AND WAR-MAD MARS CONDUCTS!!
IN HIS VAST OFFICE, MARS, GOD OF WAR GOES THROUGH HIS FILES ON THE UNIVERSE..
SATURN... MERCURY... JUPITER... EARTH... VENUS... THAT'S IT VENUS!

THE ARMORED HAND OF THE WAR GOD CAREFULLY CHOOSES TWO CARDS FROM THE DRAWER
ATLASSO STRONGEST MAN ON VENUS
SAPIENSO WISEST MAN ON VENUS
HIS RED EYES GLEAMING, MARS CHOOSES HIS VICTIM...
THE PRIDE OF STRENGTH WILL GIVE ME MY CHANCE!
IN VENUSIAN ARMY HEADQUARTERS CAPTAIN ATLASSO, A FORMER EARTHMAN, SPEAKS...
WE MUST WORK HARD TOWARD PEACE. OUR STRENGTH WILL ENFORCE IT!
MARS SWIFTLY ENTERS HIS BODY..
WE WILL BEGIN BY ERADICATING POSSIBLE TROUBLE-MAKERS. WE'LL WIPE OUT ALL THE EARTH COLONIES ON VENUS!
ATLASSO'S HITLERIAN LOGIC OF DEATH AND DESTRUCTION DIVIDES THE MEETING INTO TWO FACTIONS..
HE IS RIGHT. THE EARTH COLONIES MUST BE OBLITERATED! .. UGH!
WE WANT NO WAR ON VENUS!
BUT THE MAJORITY WISH PEACE...
YOU STUPID FOOLS.. WITH ME TO LEAD YOU, WE COULD RULE ALL OF VENUS!
HE'S MAD.. PUT HIM IN CHAINS!
BAH.. NO ONE CAN CHAIN MARS! STRENGTH HAS FAILED, BUT MISDIRECTED WISDOM MAY BE A MORE POWERFUL ALLY!

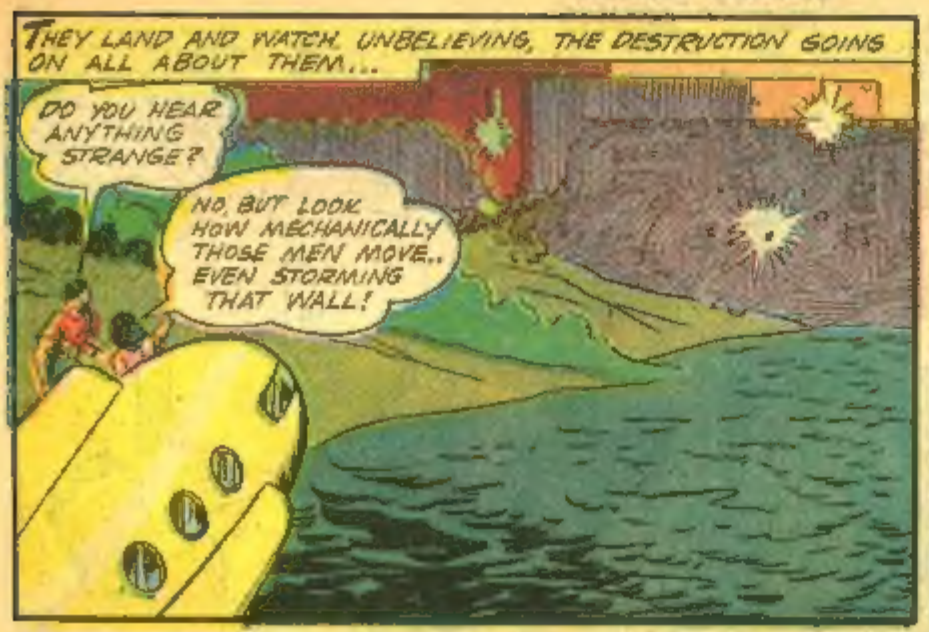
IN HIS STUDY, ADJOINING THE COUNCIL ROOM, THE LEARNED SAPIENSO PORES OVER A MAP OF VENUS...
WITH THE HELP OF EARTH REFUGEES, ALL VENUS SHOULD BE SETTLED IN A FEW YEARS!
WITH HIS PEN, HE PLANS THE PERFECT COLONIZATION OF THE ISLANDS...
SUDDENLY, THE BLOODY LIGHT OF MARS CREEPS INTO HIS EYES
BUT WHY SHOULD THESE PEOPLE GAIN THAT TERRITORY! THEY MUST BE DESTROYED IF OUR CIVILIZATION IS TO BE SAFE! I SHALL TELL THE COUNCIL MY PLANS...
THE COUNCIL LISTENS INTENTLY TO VENUS' MOST RESPECTED SCHOLAR...
"SO I SAY— ANNIHILATE THE EARTHMAN... IT IS THE ONLY WISE THING TO DO!
BUT, SAPIENSO, THE EARTH-REFUGEES ARE PEACEABLE AND HAVE DONE US NO HARM!
FOOL! WOULD YOU QUESTION THE WISDOM OF MY JUDGMENT!
SAPIENSO KNOWS ALL! DO AS HE SAYS!
THESE PEACE-LOVING VENUSIANS ARE HARDER TO INCITE TO WAR THAN WERE THE PEOPLE ON EARTH BACK IN 1943! BUT, I'LL FIND SOME WAY TO DO IT...
A WOMAN JUMPS TO HER FEET...
SAPIENSO, FOR TALKING SUCH MURDEROUS NONSENSE YOU MUST DIE... BEFORE YOU LEAD STUPID PEOPLE INTO THE WAYS OF EVIL!

MEANWHILE, IN THEIR VENUSIAN HOME, ROGER CARLTON, A FORMER VIRTUOSO ELECTRA-HARPIST, PLAYS FOR HIS DAUGHTER..
DON'T YOU EVER MISS THE FAME YOU HAD ON EARTH, DAD?
NO, I AM VERY HAPPY HERE, CALLA! THE VENUSIANS LOVE MY MUSIC, AND IT SOUNDS SO MUCH GREATER BECAUSE OF THE UNUSUALLY HEAVY ATMOSPHERE!
BUT MARS, STILL SEEKING AN EFFECTIVE AGENT FOR HIS NEFARIOUS SCHEMES, APPROACHES THIS HOUSE...
ONLY AN AGING MUSICIAN, CONTENT WITH HIS LOT.. BUT WAIT!.. THE ELECTRA-HARP GIVES ME A FINE IDEA.
THIS WILL BE EASY! HE IS PONDERING THE PROBABLE EFFECTS OF HIS MUSIC ON THE ANTENNA-EARED VENUSIANS... AHA! NOW'S MY CHANCE!
MARS ENTERS CARLTON AND INSTANTLY THE CALM MUSICIAN BECOMES A RAVING, HATE-FILLED CREATURE...
DAD, WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO YOU?
MUSIC IS POWER! WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF IT BEFORE? I WILL BE ABLE TO MAKE THE VENUSIANS MY SLAVES! I'LL RULE ALL VENUS!
HE SNATCHES THE INSTRUMENT AND PLUCKS WEIRDLY AT THE STRINGS. THE NOTES HE PLAYS ARE SO HIGH THAT ONLY THE ANTENNA-EARS OF THE VENUSIANS CAN CATCH THEM..
CARLTON RUSHES OUT TO TEST HIS MUSIC'S HYPNOTIC POWER, JUST AS A YOUNG MAN ENTERS...
HELLO, DARLING.. SAY, MR. CARLTON, I HAVE YOUR TELERADIO FIXED. WE'LL BE ABLE TO PICK UP EARTH BROADCASTS NOW!
WAIT, DAD... ..STOP HIM, DON!

AND ALL OF A SUDDEN, DAD JUMPED UP AND SHOUTED ABOUT HIS POWER, LIKE A MADMAN!
WE'D BETTER FOLLOW HIM! I'LL GET THE ROCKET SHIP WARMED UP
MEANWHILE...
I NEVER GUESSED THAT MY MUSIC WOULD HYPNOTIZE THESE PEOPLE. THERE IS NO LIMIT TO WHAT I CAN DO WITH THIS NEW-FOUND MIGHT!
IN NOTES OF HATE COMMAND THE VENUSIANS TO PLUNDER THE EARTH COLONIES... AND KILL... ...KILL...KILL!!
MOVING LIKE MECHANICAL MEN, THESE CREATURES START FOR THEIR AMPHIBIAN ROCKET SHIPS!
GO, SLAVES, AND VISIT DESTRUCTION UPON THE INVADERS OF THE ISLANDS!
THE EARTH PEOPLE MUST DIE!
WE WILL BURN THEIR HOMES!
AND EARLION FOLLOWS THEM... GLOATING OVER HIS INVINCIBILITY.
I WILL BE THE MUSIC MASTER OF THE UNIVERSE!

CALLA AND DON SEARCH FOR CARLTON...
WHERE COULD HE BE, DON?
I HAVE A HUNCH THAT THIS IS TIED UP WITH THE STRANGE ACTIONS OF ATLASSO AND SARIENSO!
UNSEEN BY THEM, A GIGANTIC SHAPE, BORNE BY THE CURRENTS OF VENUS' LAYER OF HEAVY ATMOSPHERE, DRIFTS TOWARD THEIR SHIP...
...AND SURROUNDS IT WITH GRASPING TENTACLES, ONE OF THEM FORCING CALLA OUT OF THE CABIN...
LOOK OUT, DON.. THE SHIP IS CRACKING UP... OH, I'M FALLING!
CALLA DOESN'T HAVE HER SPACE HELMET ON... AND A TENTACLE IS REACHING FOR HER!
I HAVE JUST ONE CHANCE — MY HIGH-VOLTAGE DAGGER! AND HE HAS BUT ONE VULNERABLE SPOT...
...THE EYE!
THEN HE SWIMS THROUGH THE ATMOSPHERE TO CALLA..
I HOPE I CAN GET THIS HELMET ON HER IN TIME!

AT THE SAME TIME, THE VENUSIANS — OBEYING THE HYPNOTIC MUSIC — RAID THE WALLED EARTH SETTLEMENTS...
THE EARTHMEN RESIST THE SURPRISE ATTACK WITH DESPERATE COURAGE...
BUT WALLS FAIL TO STEM THE ONRUSHING FLOOD...
THE GHASTLY KILLER LEGION DRIVES ON, FRENZIED BY THE ELECTRA-HARPS PULSING HYMN OF HATE!
THEY PLUNDER AND BURN...
EVEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN ARE NOT SAFE FROM THE MUSIC MADDENED FIENDS —
THEN A ROCKET SHIP APPEARS OVERHEAD...
OH, DON, I'M STILL SHUDDERING AT WHAT MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED IF YOU HADN'T.
I WAS LUCKY, BUT LOOK BELOW!


THEY LAND AND WATCH, UNBELIEVING, THE DESTRUCTION GOING ON ALL ABOUT THEM...
DO YOU HEAR ANYTHING STRANGE?
NO, BUT LOOK HOW MECHANICALLY THOSE MEN MOVE.. EVEN STORMING THAT WALL!

JUST AS I THOUGHT... COMPLETE SILENCE! IT'S LUCKY I REMEMBERED THAT TWO SOUNDS OF THE VIBRATIONAL INTENSITY BLANKET EACH OTHER OUT!

SHE TURNS HER RAY-GUN ON ONE OF HIS ASSASSINS, BUT IT IS TOO LATE.
HE'S DEAD.. HE'S DEAD!
IT IS BETTER THIS WAY DEAR. HE WOULD RATHER DIE THAN LIVE TO KNOW THE HARM HE CAUSED IN HIS MADNESS.

PLANET COMICS GOES ON SALE THE 10th

REEF RYAN
by
HUGH FITZPATRICK
LOOK TABBY! THAT'S A QUEER PROCESS ON COMING DOWN THE ROAD!
ONE OF THE CONTESTANTS' GROOMS IS LEADING HIS MASTER'S STEED!
LET'S GO DOWN AND LOOK AT HIM!
BELOW, IN THE COURTYARD
MAKE WAY!.. MAKE WAY!

ON THE OTHER END OF THE ROPE
IF I MET IT IN A NIGHTMARE, I'D FALL OUT OF BED!
GROOM, WHAT'S THE NAME OF THE KNIGHT WHO WILL RIDE THAT MONSTER?
IT BELONGS TO THE BLACK KNIGHT OF POK! HE WILL WIN THE TOURNAMENT!
THE BLACK KNIGHT OF POK! I NEVER HEARD OF HIM!
HE MUST BE FROM SOME UNKNOWN PART OF NEPTUNE!
THE GROOMS ARE STARING GAGA!.. THEY NEVER SAW ITS LIKE BEFORE!
IT CERTAINLY IS A POWERFUL BEAST! HO!.. STAND STILL!
MY MASTER WILL ARRIVE TOMORROW! HE'S THE GREATEST KNIGHT IN THE REALM!
AS REEF MOVES OFF WITH THE TABESS AND VARA, FREDA LINGERS NEAR THE STRANGE GROOM...
HSST... I KNOW YOU... LEAVE IMMEDIATELY OR I'LL...
HUSH, FOOL, MEET ME AT THE STABLE AT MIDNIGHT!

AT THE STROKE OF TWELVE
I WAS A FOOL TO HAVE COME ALONE! HE MIGHT KILL ME!
SUDDENLY..
BARDA! DID YOU COME HERE DISGUISED AS A GROOM? IT'S DEATH IF YOU'RE CAUGHT!
QUICK! INSIDE! WE'LL BE SEEN!
WHAT DO YOU WANT?.. IS IT BLACKMAIL? NOW I FEEL BETTER WITHOUT THE MAKE-UP!
NO. BUT I'M THROUGH WITH YOU AND YOUR WICKED SCHEMES! YOU MUST LEAVE XALAN!
ME LEAVE XALAN!.. AFTER THE TOURNAMENT, I'LL RULE IT! LET ME SHOW YOU HOW!
IT'S THE WEREWILE'S ARROW! LEATHER, TURN TO SNAKE!
AS THE BARDA POINTS
AND AGAIN..
NOW DO YOU DOUBT?.. GO BACK TO YOUR CHAMBER! TOMORROW I'LL RULE XALAN!

OUR FIRST ENTRY IS...
THE BOL OF ROGO...
ONE BY ONE THE PAGE BOY ANNOUNCES THE COMBATANTS!
THE GIF OF BAU!
THE RAG OF WAL'
AND FINALLY... THE BLACK KNIGHT OF POK...
ROYAL BOX
I'LL BET TWENTY RADS ON THE BOL!
DONE! I'LL PICK THE GIF!
VARA I'D LIKE TO BET MY JEWELS AGAINST YOURS THAT THE STRANGER WINS!
SORRY, FREDA, BUT I DON'T BET!

THE BUGLE SOUNDS... THE BOL AND THE GIF RIDE FORTH TOUCH SPEARS...
THE G F IS UNSEATED!
AGAIN THE B GLES SOUND THE RAG LEAPS TO FACE THE
THE RAG IS WINNING!.. THE BLACK KNIGHT IS DOWN!
LOOK AGAIN! IT'S THE RAG WHO'S OUT COLD!
Later THE HERALD'S BUGLE CALLS THE WINNERS TO MEET FOR THE FINAL ROUND..

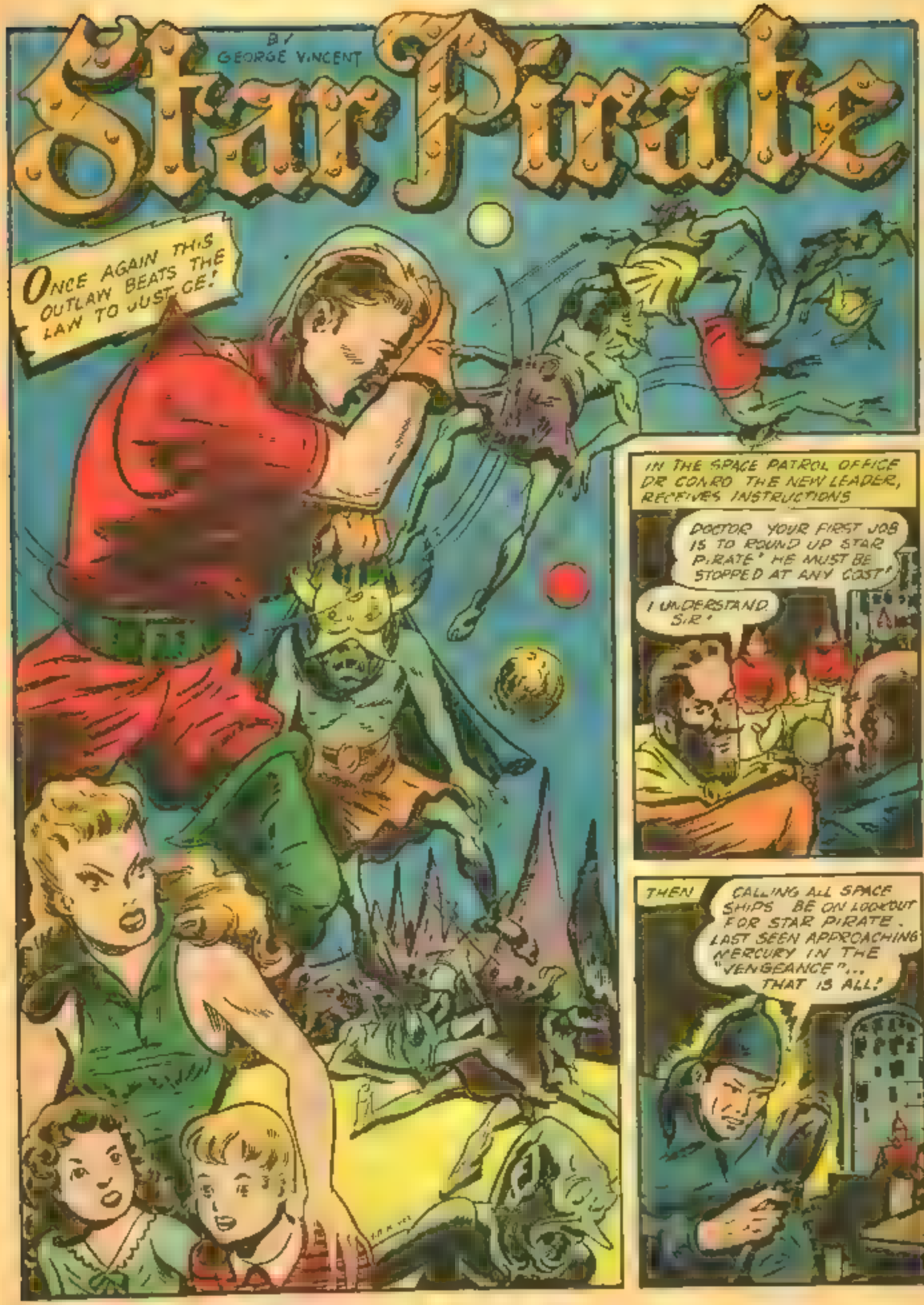
THE GLADIATORS LASH OUT WITH SWORD AND SPEAR.
..WHILE THEIR STEEDS RIP AND BITE...
UNTIL..
HAIL TO THE VICTOR! COME! YOU WILL BE CROWNED HIGH LORD OF XALAN!
A FEW MINUTES LATER.
FOR ONE YEAR YOU WILL HOLD THE OFFICE!
I AM HONORED TABESS!
THE LAWS OF XALAN READ THAT THE ONE HOLDING THIS OFFICE CANNOT BE HELD FOR ANY PAST CRIME! HE ALSO MAY CHOOSE HIS WIFE FROM ANY WOMAN OF THE COURT!
THAT IS TRUE! NOW UNMASK!

IT IS SO ORDERED!
LOOK THEN AT YOUR OLD FRIEND, THE BARDA! HONOR HIM, FOR HE IS THE HIGH LORD OF XALAN!
I'LL THINK A BIT BEFORE I CHOOSE WHICH OF YOU SHALL BE MY BRIDE!
IT'S HORRIBLE! JUST THINK HE'S GOING TO MARRY ONE OF US!
ENOUGH OF THIS!.. I'M NOT A CITIZEN OF XALAN AND DON'T INTEND TO STAND FOR SUCH FOOLISHNESS!
EARTH MAN, YOU'VE CROSSED MY PATH FOR THE LAST TIME! DARE YOU FIGHT ME ON THE BRIDGE OVER THE RIVER MEG!
AGREED! ANYTHING TO RID XALAN OF YOU!
REEF, TAKE THIS KNIFE! YEARS AGO, IT WAS GIVEN TO ME BY THE SEERA! WITH IT, NOTHING CAN HARM YOU!
THANK YOU, TABESS! NOW I MUST GO!
I'LL WIN, VARA.. DON'T FEAR!
TAKE MY SCARF REEF. IT'S ALL I HAVE, BUT..

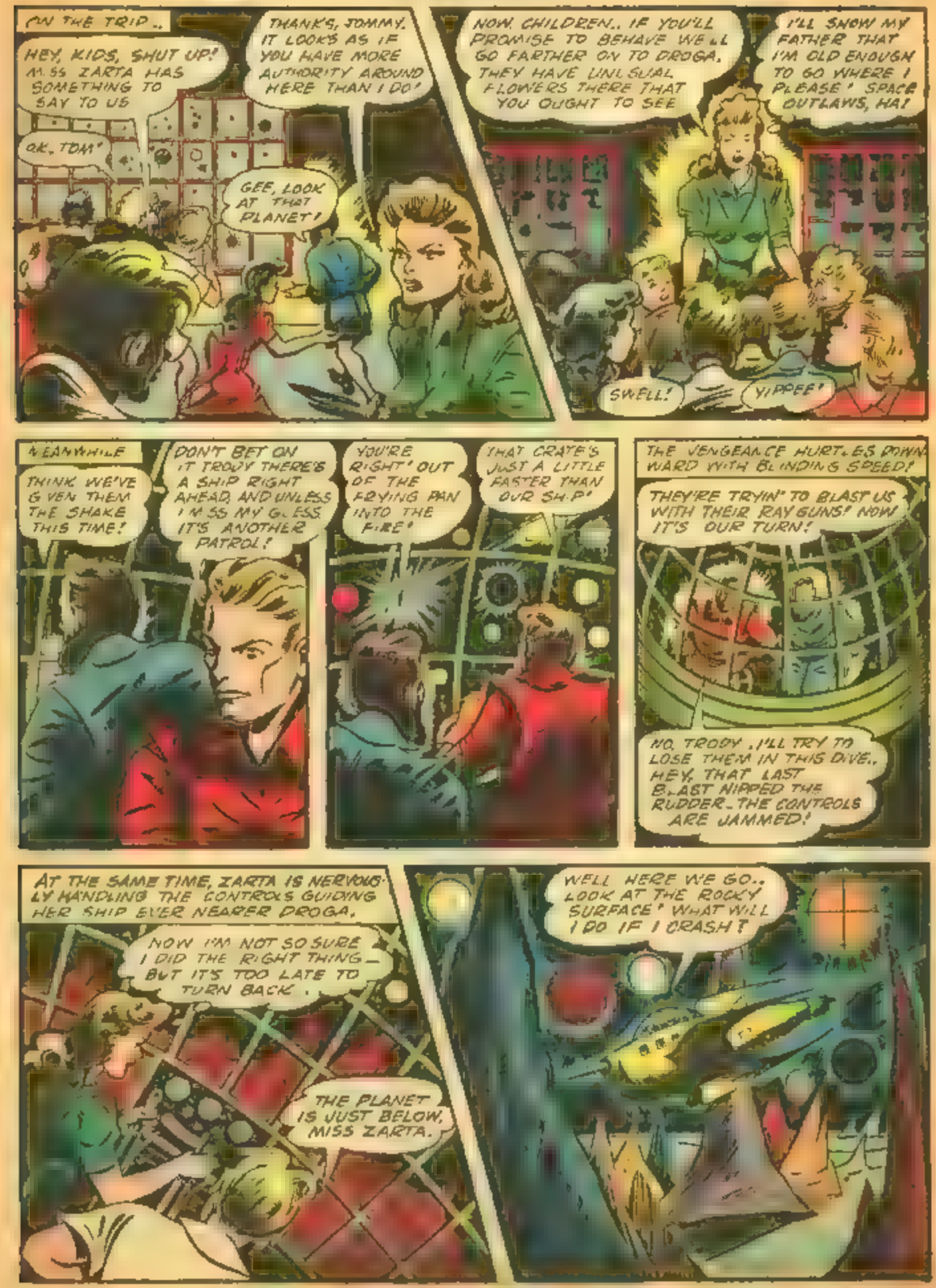
LATER ON THE BRIDGE OVER THE RIVER MEG.
FOOL!.. THE WEREWILE'S SILVER ARROW WILL MAKE YOU HELPLESS
I SUSPECTED SOME SUCH TRICK, THIS KNIFE HOLDS ALL THE WISDOM OF THE SEERA!
THEY PARRY IN DEADLY SILENCE.
...SUDDENLY A GENTLE WIND HURLS VARA'S SCARF INTO THE BARDA'S FACE...
MY CHANCE! LET'S SEE THE SILLY ARROW STOP THIS?
OHHH!
THE GATCHES WILL FINISH THE JOB!
DID YOU HEAR THE NEWS, VARA? WE'RE LEAVING XALAN!
BUT WHY. WHEN.. WHERE ARE WE GOING, REEF?
SEARCH ME! ALL I KNOW IS THAT A GENT NAMED BAKER.. FLINT BAKER IS PICKING US UP BY ORDER OF THE INTER-PLANETARY COUNCIL!
FLINT BAKER? OH, REEF, I'M DYING TO MEET HIM!
WHAT'S THIS?
REEF RYAN AND FLINT BAKER TEAMING UP? WHY?.. HOW WILL THEY LIKE IT... AND HOW WILL YOU LIKE IT?.. PERSONALLY, WE CAN HARDLY WAIT TO SEE THE RESULTS IN THE NEXT
PLANET COMICS!

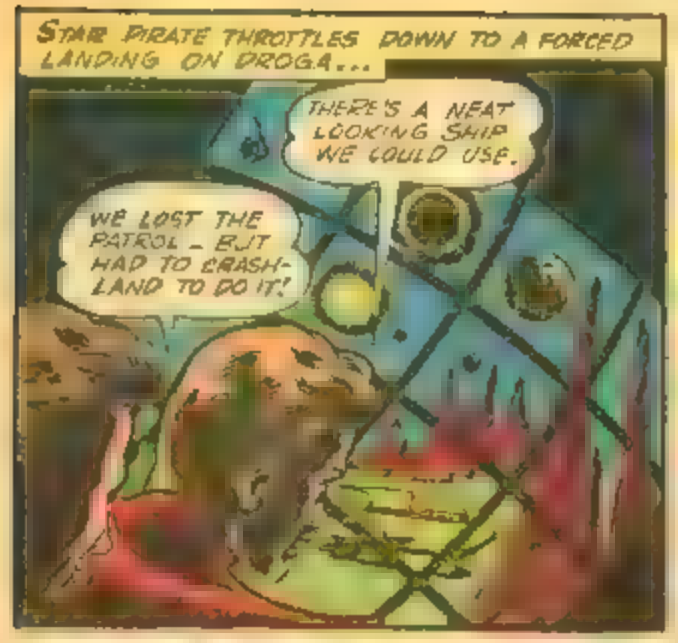
Star Pirate

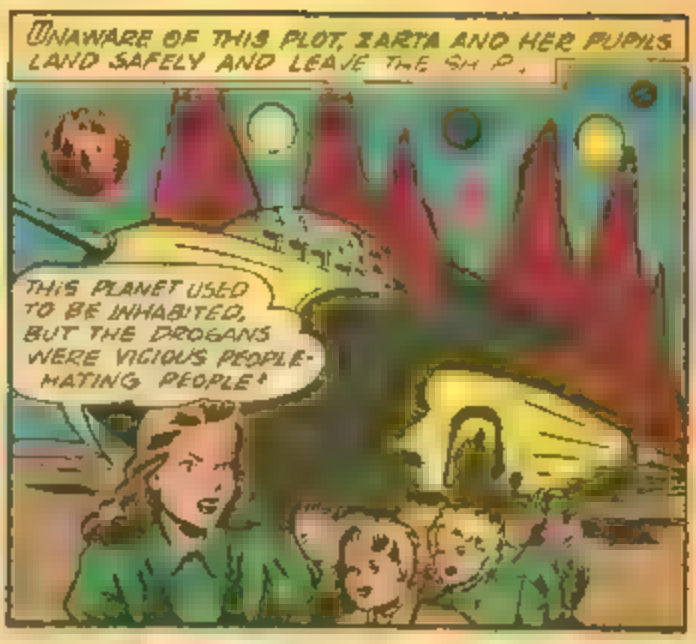
BY GEORGE VINCENT

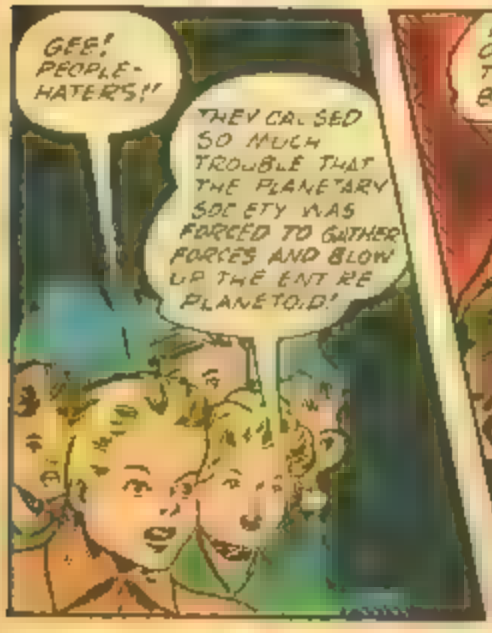

ONCE AGAIN THIS OUTLAW BEATS THE LAW TO JUSTICE!
IN THE SPACE PATROL OFFICE DR CONRO THE NEW LEADER, RECEIVES INSTRUCTIONS
DOCTOR YOUR FIRST JOB IS TO ROUND UP STAR PIRATE' HE MUST BE STOPPED AT ANY COST'
I UNDERSTAND SIR'
THEN
CALLING ALL SPACE SHIPS BE ON LOOKOUT FOR STAR PIRATE. LAST SEEN APPROACHING MERCURY IN THE "VENGEANCE"... THAT IS ALL!

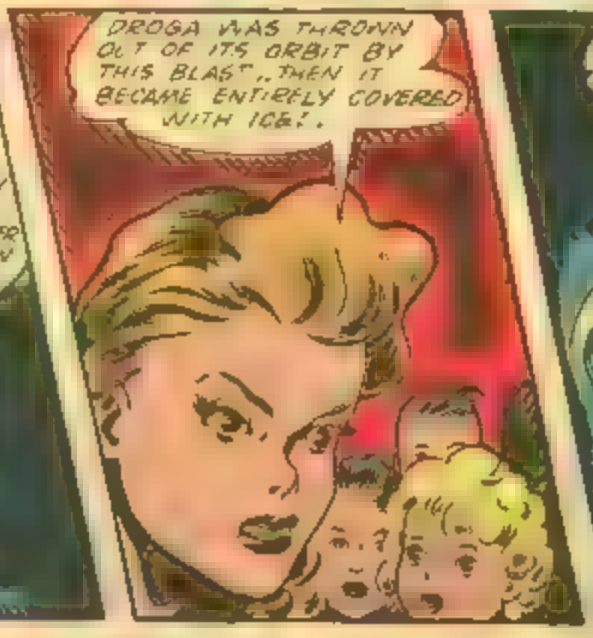
BUT THIS MESSAGE GOES FARTHER THAN THE AUTHORITIES KNOW!
LISTEN, TRODY THEY'RE GUNNING FOR US AGAIN! WE'VE GOT TO PARK THIS BABY AND FIND ANOTHER SHIP.
LOOK A PATROL BOAT ON OUR TAIL JUST OUR MEAT
INSIDE THE PATROL SHIP.
"THAT'S THE "VENGEANCE" ALL RIGHT OPEN FIRE!
BUT DON'T BRING HER DOWN... ORDERS ARE TO GET STAR PIRATE ALIVE.
AS THE FIRST SHOT WHIZZES BY THE "VENGEANCE"
SO THEY WANT TO PLAY.. O.K FELLOWS. HERE IT COMES!
HOLD ON, TRODY WE'LL PLAY LATER!
THE "VENGEANCE" SWERVES SUDDENLY
I DON'T WANT TO FIGHT THOSE COPPERS UNLESS I HAVE TO!
BUT THE PATROL SHIP IS ALERT..
THEY CAN'T LOSE US THAT WAY, WE KNOW SOME TRICKS TOO.
RIGHT AFTER THEM, SIR!
MEANWHILE, IN DR CONRO'S OFFICE
ZARTA, WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
THIS IS OFFICIAL BUSINESS DAD. MAY I TAKE MY SCIENCE CLASS ON A FIELD TRIP AMONG THE PLANETOIDS?
I SUPPOSE IT WILL BE ALL RIGHT, BUT STAY THIS SIDE OF TARGON OR THERE MAY BE TROUBLE THOSE SPACE OUTLAWS ARE MEAN FELLOWS!


ON THE TRIP..
HEY, KIDS, SHUT UP! MISS ZARTA HAS SOMETHING TO SAY TO US
OK, TOM'
THANKS, JOMMY. IT LOOKS AS IF YOU HAVE MORE AUTHORITY AROUND HERE THAN I DO'
GEE, LOOK AT THAT PLANET'
NOW, CHILDREN.. IF YOU'LL PROMISE TO BEHAVE WE'LL GO FARTHER ON TO DROGA. THEY HAVE UNUSUAL FLOWERS THERE THAT YOU OUGHT TO SEE
I'LL SHOW MY FATHER THAT I'M OLD ENOUGH TO GO WHERE I PLEASE' SPACE OUTLAWS, HA!
SWELL!
YIPPEE'
MEANWHILE
THINK WE'VE GIVEN THEM THE SHAKE THIS TIME!
DON'T BET ON IT TROOY THERE'S A SHIP RIGHT AHEAD, AND UNLESS I MISS MY GUESS IT'S ANOTHER PATROL!
YOU'RE RIGHT' OUT OF THE FRYING PAN INTO THE FIRE'
THAT CRATE'S JUST A LITTLE FASTER THAN OUR SHIP'
THE VENGEANCE HURTLES DOWNWARD WITH BLINDING SPEED!
THEY'RE TRYIN' TO BLAST US WITH THEIR RAY GUNS! NOW IT'S OUR TURN!
NO, TROOY, I'LL TRY TO LOSE THEM IN THIS DIVE.. HEY, THAT LAST BLAST NIPPED THE RUDDER-THE CONTROLS ARE JAMMED!
AT THE SAME TIME, ZARTA IS NERVOUSLY HANDLING THE CONTROLS GUIDING HER SHIP EVER NEARER DROGA.
NOW I'M NOT SO SURE I DID THE RIGHT THING— BUT IT'S TOO LATE TO TURN BACK.
THE PLANET IS JUST BELOW, MISS ZARTA.
WELL HERE WE GO.. LOOK AT THE ROCKY SURFACE' WHAT WILL I DO IF I CRASH?


STAR PIRATE THROTTLES DOWN TO A FORCED LANDING ON DROGA...
THERE'S A NEAT LOOKING SHIP WE COULD USE.
WE LOST THE PATROL - BUT HAD TO CRASH-LAND TO DO IT!

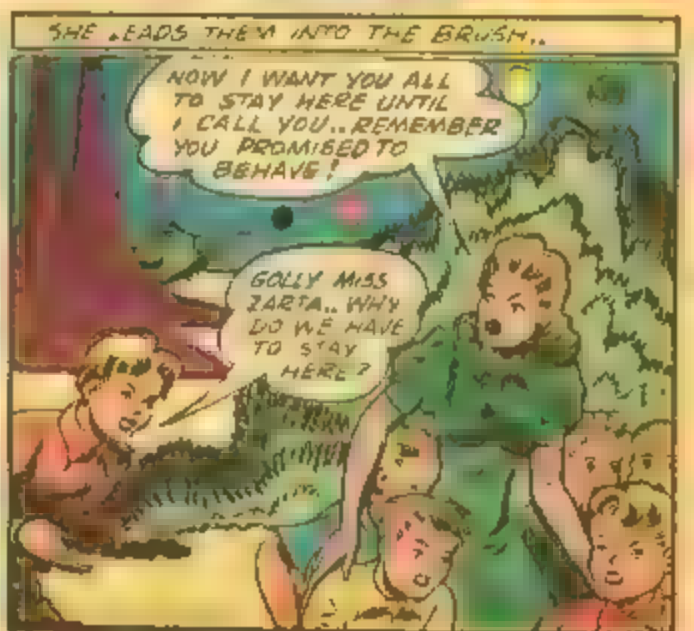

UNAWARE OF THIS PLOT, ZARTA AND HER PUPILS LAND SAFELY AND LEAVE THE SHIP.
THIS PLANET USED TO BE INHABITED, BUT THE DROGANS WERE VICIOUS PEOPLE-HATING PEOPLE!

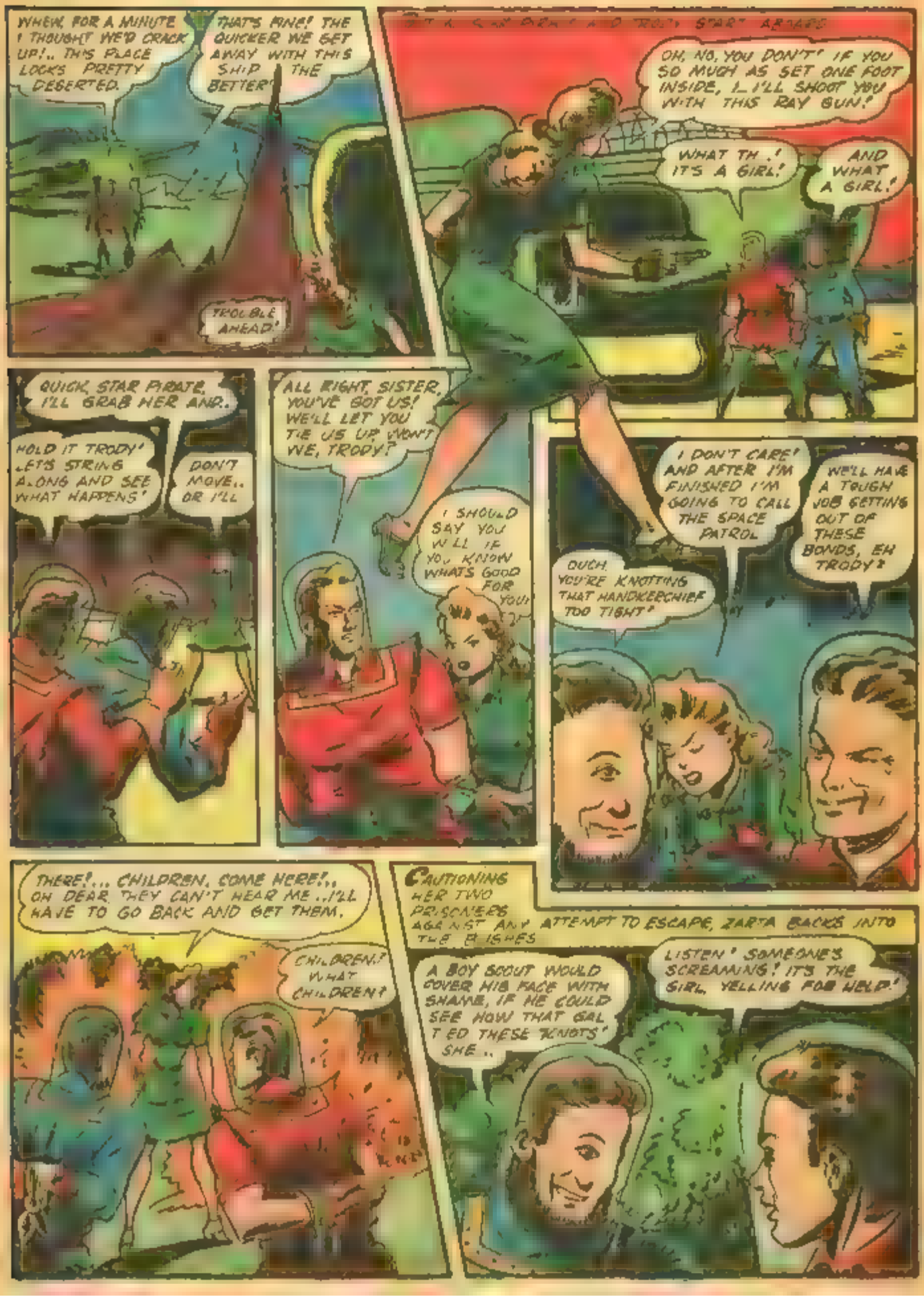

GEE! PEOPLE-HATERS!!
THEY CAUSED SO MUCH TROUBLE THAT THE PLANETARY SOCIETY WAS FORCED TO GATHER FORCES AND BLOW UP THE ENTIRE PLANETOID!


DROGA WAS THROWN OUT OF ITS ORBIT BY THIS BLAST.. THEN IT BECAME ENTIRELY COVERED WITH ICE!.

AW I DON'T SEE ANY ICE NOW!

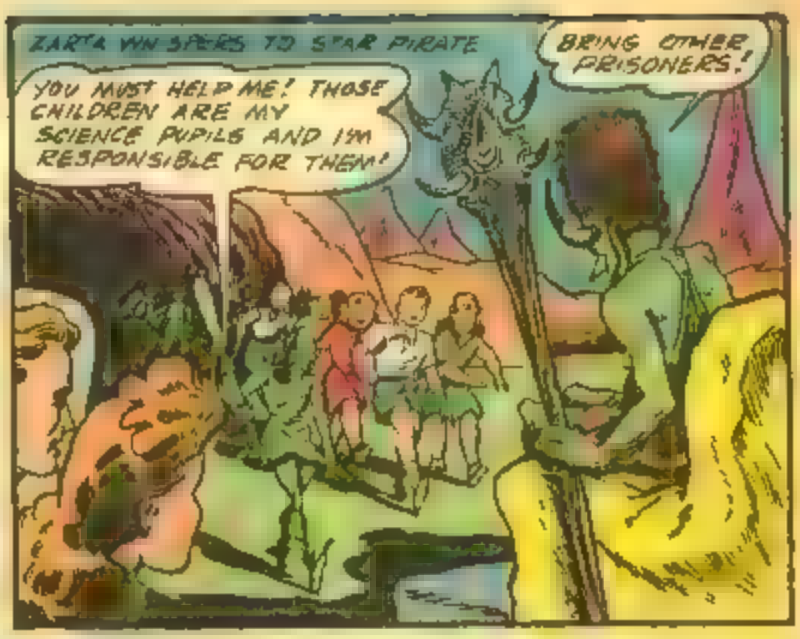
THEN ZARTA NOTICES THE APPROACHING VENGEANCE
NO, TOMMY DROGA IS BEGINNING TO RETURN TO ITS ORIGINAL STATE
WHAT'S THAT SHIP DOING HERE? I MUSTN'T FRIGHTEN THE CHILDREN!

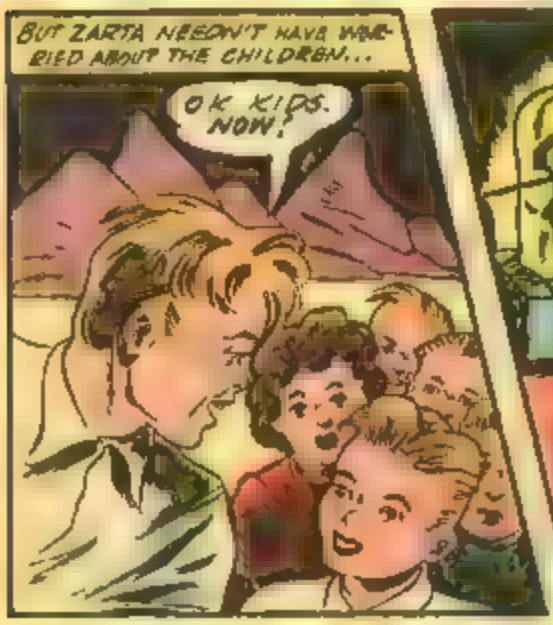

SHE LEADS THEM INTO THE BRUSH..
NOW I WANT YOU ALL TO STAY HERE UNTIL I CALL YOU.. REMEMBER YOU PROMISED TO BEHAVE!
GOLLY MISS ZARTA.. WHY DO WE HAVE TO STAY HERE?

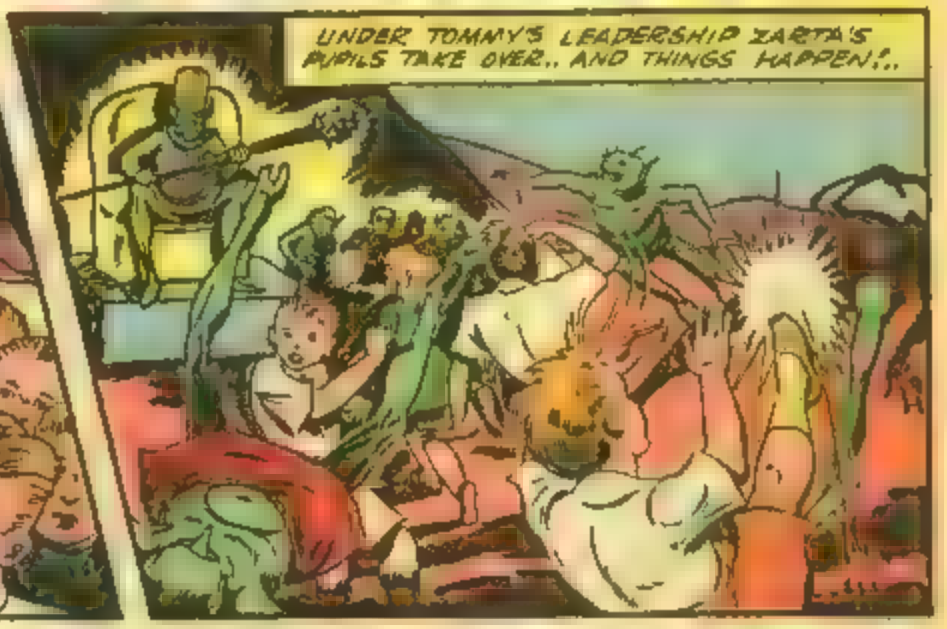

WHEW, FOR A MINUTE I THOUGHT WE'D CRACK UP!.. THIS PLACE LOOKS PRETTY DESERTED.
THAT'S FINE! THE QUICKER WE GET AWAY WITH THIS SHIP THE BETTER!
TROUBLE AHEAD!
OH, NO, YOU DON'T! IF YOU SO MUCH AS SET ONE FOOT INSIDE, I'LL SHOOT YOU WITH THIS RAY GUN!
WHAT TH..! IT'S A GIRL!
AND WHAT A GIRL!
QUICK, STAR PIRATE, I'LL GRAB HER AND..
HOLD IT TRODY! LET'S STRING ALONG AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS!
DON'T MOVE.. OR I'LL
ALL RIGHT, SISTER, YOU'VE GOT US! WE'LL LET YOU TIE US UP, WON'T WE, TRODY?
I SHOULD SAY YOU WILL IF YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR YOU!
I DON'T CARE! AND AFTER I'M FINISHED I'M GOING TO CALL THE SPACE PATROL
WE'LL HAVE A TOUGH JOB GETTING OUT OF THESE BONDS, EH TRODY?
OUCH. YOU'RE KNOTTING THAT HANDKERCHIEF TOO TIGHT!
THERE!... CHILDREN, COME HERE!.. OH DEAR, THEY CAN'T HEAR ME..I'LL HAVE TO GO BACK AND GET THEM.
CHILDREN!? WHAT CHILDREN?
CAUTIONING HER TWO PRISONERS AGAINST ANY ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE, ZARTA BACKS INTO THE BUSHES
A BOY SCOUT WOULD COVER HIS FACE WITH SHAME, IF HE COULD SEE HOW THAT GAL TIED THESE KNOTS! SHE..
LISTEN! SOMEONE'S SCREAMING! IT'S THE GIRL, YELLING FOR HELP!

IT'S A GOOD THING WE KNOW HOW TO BE TIED UP RIGHT!
I'LL SAY! LET'S GET GOING...
WE COULD GET AWAY WITH HER SHIP NOW!
BUT WE AREN'T GOING TO, ARE WE TRODY?
SUDDENLY, AS STAR PIRATE CRASHES INTO THE BRUSH...
WHAT THE . HEY TRODY GO BACK BEFORE THEY GET YOU!
BUT STAR PIRATE IS SILENCED
I KNEW WE SHOULD HAVE TAKEN THAT SHIP!
MEANWHILE, WITH ZARTA..
WHERE ARE THE CHILDREN. WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH THEM!
THEN.. INTO THE PRESENCE OF THE CHIEF ARE BROUGHT TWO NEW PRISONERS..
THIS IS BETTER THAN WALKING!
AND LOOK WHO'S HERE! THE GAL WHO TIED US UP!

OH THEY GOT YOU, TOO! I'M SORRY I TIED YOUR HANDS!
YES... AH..IT DID PUT US AT A DISADVANTAGE, DIDN'T IT, TROOY?


ZARTA WINSPEERS TO STAR PIRATE
YOU MUST HELP ME! THOSE CHILDREN ARE MY SCIENCE PUPILS AND I'M RESPONSIBLE FOR THEM!
BRING OTHER PRISONERS!


BUT ZARTA NEEDN'T HAVE WORRIED ABOUT THE CHILDREN...
OK KIDS. NOW!


UNDER TOMMY'S LEADERSHIP ZARTA'S PUPILS TAKE OVER.. AND THINGS HAPPEN!..

THEY DRAG THE CHIEF INTO THE CAVE...

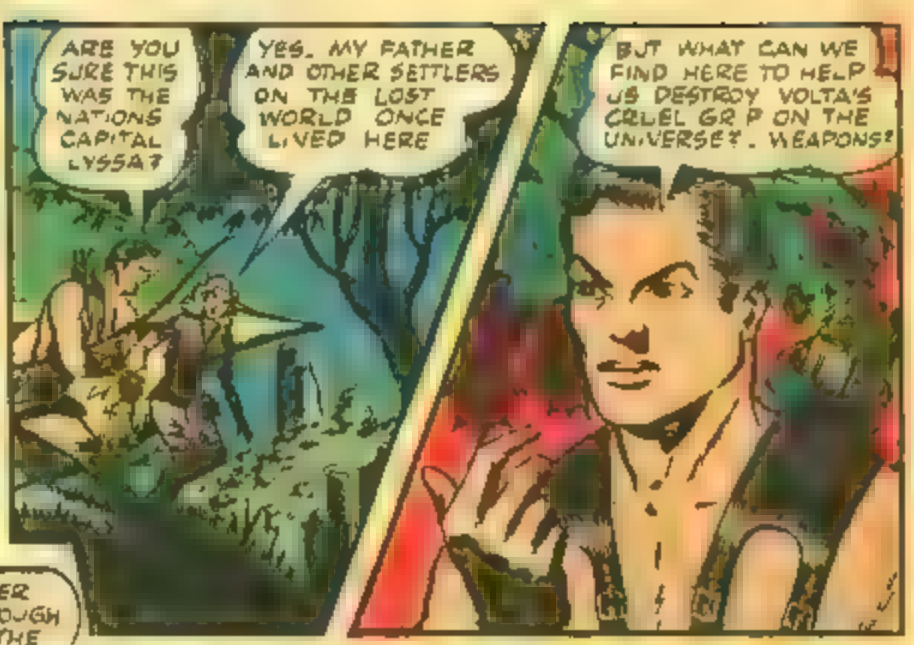
NOW I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO AS CHIEF!

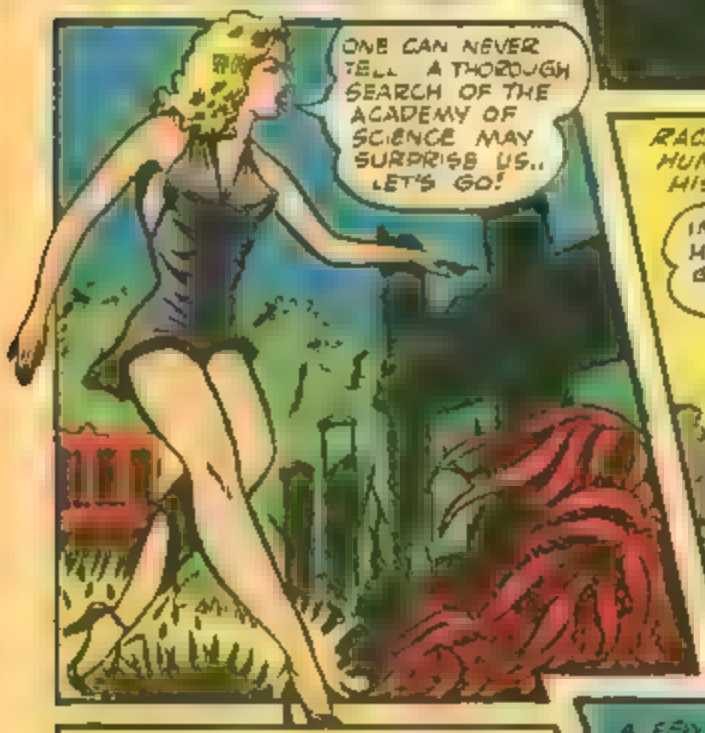
THE CHILDREN WILL BE KILLED!!

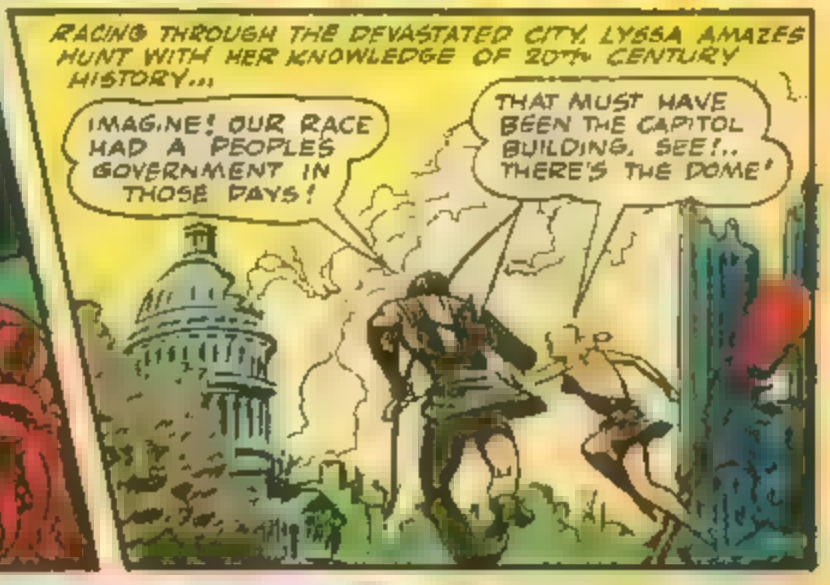
UNTIE THE PRISONERS... DID YOU HEAR ME? I COMMAND YOU TO UNTIE THEM!
WHAT GOES ON HERE?
AS THEIR BONDS ARE CUT.
THOSE KIDS DID SOMETHING TO THE CHIEF, BUT WHAT?
I DON'T KNOW, BUT IT WAS A GOOD IDEA!
JUST THEN THE REAL CHIEF DRAGS HIMSELF STILL PARTIALLY TIED FROM THE MOUTH OF THE CAVE. HE POINTS AT TOMMY
GET HIM .HE BEAT ME UP!.. ME YOUR CHIEF!
OH OH!
THEY TEAR THE MASK FROM THE K..S FACE...
TOMMY, IT WAS YOU...
BUT STAR PIRATE AND TRUDY HAVE THE LITTLE MEN WELL UNDER CONTROL WHEN DR CONRAD AND HIS SPACE PATROL BEDLES APPEAR
OH DAD, THE MOST AWFUL THINGS HAVE HAPPENED. IF IT WEREN'T FOR THESE TWO MEN, WE'D ALL BE DEAD!
REALLY, DEAR?
I SUPPOSE I MUST THANK YOU GENTLEMEN IN FACT I AM SO GRATEFUL THAT IT WILL TAKE ME AT LEAST FIFTEEN MINUTES TO RESUME MY SEARCH FOR THE OUTLAW STAR PIRATE. BUT I HOPE WE SHALL MEET AGAIN SOON UNDER DIFFERENT CIRCUMSTANCES!
DO YOU THINK THE DOC RECOGNIZED US, STAR PIRATE?
WHY NO, HE LET US GO, DIDN'T HE?.. BUT I HOPE THERE'S PLENTY OF SPEED IN ZARTA'S SHIP!
STILL FREE TO ROAM SPACE, TRODY AND THE STAR PIRATE SPEED OFF TO OTHER ADVENTURES OUTSIDE THE LAW IN THE NEXT... PLANET COMICS!

HUNT BOWMAN of the LOST WORLD...

HUNT BOWMAN, EARTH'S LONE SURVIVOR OF THE WAR OF ANNIHILATION OF THE PLANET VOLTA, RETURNS TO HIS HOME-LAND WITH LYSSA, QUEEN OF THE HUMAN TRIBE ON THE LOST WORLD. THEIR CEASELESS SEARCH FOR SOME MEANS TO BREAK THE CONQUERORS RULE TAKES THEM TO THE RAY-BLACKENED RUINS OF WASHINGTON.


ARE YOU SURE THIS WAS THE NATIONS CAPITAL LYSSA?
YES. MY FATHER AND OTHER SETTLERS ON THE LOST WORLD ONCE LIVED HERE
BUT WHAT CAN WE FIND HERE TO HELP US DESTROY VOLTA'S CRUEL GRIP ON THE UNIVERSE?. WEAPONS!




RACING THROUGH THE DEVASTATED CITY, LYSSA AMAZES HUNT WITH HER KNOWLEDGE OF 20TH CENTURY HISTORY...
IMAGINE! OUR RACE HAD A PEOPLES GOVERNMENT IN THOSE DAYS!
THAT MUST HAVE BEEN THE CAPITOL BUILDING. SEE!.. THERE'S THE DOME!

SO MUCH WAS DESTROYED I'M AFRAID WE WONT FIND ANY WEAPON POTENT ENOUGH TO MATCH THE VOLTA-MEN'S RAY GUNS!
THIS IS A TRIANGLE GUN. READ THE INSCRIPTION BELOW THE CABINET.

HUNT! A PATROL! WE'RE CORNERED!
DUCK BEHIND A PILLAR I'LL TAKE THEM AS THEY COME!
DODGING THE DEADLY RAY BLASTS, HUNT BOWMAN SHOOTS DOWN HALF THE PATROL..
MY LAST ARROW'S GONE BUT THEY'RE STILL COMING!
HUNT! TAKE THIS THINK IT'S LOADED!
AS HE TAKES THE WEAPON, THE INVOLUNTARY TENSING OF HIS MUSCLES BRINGS ASTONISHING RESULTS FROM THE TRIGGER...
WHAT THE BLUE MOONS! I'M KILLING THEM! BUT WHAT A NOISE IT MAKES!
YOU, YOU DID IT! YOU KILLED THE ENTIRE PATROL!
YES BUT READ THE INSCRIPTION HERE PERHAPS THIS GUN HAS A HISTORY
RESING MACHINE GUN MODEL 1943 MADE AVAILABLE TO OUR ARMED FORCES THROUGH THE PURCHASES OF WAR BONDS BY FREEDOM-LOVING AMERICANS!"
BUY U.S. WAR
TODAY!

AURO

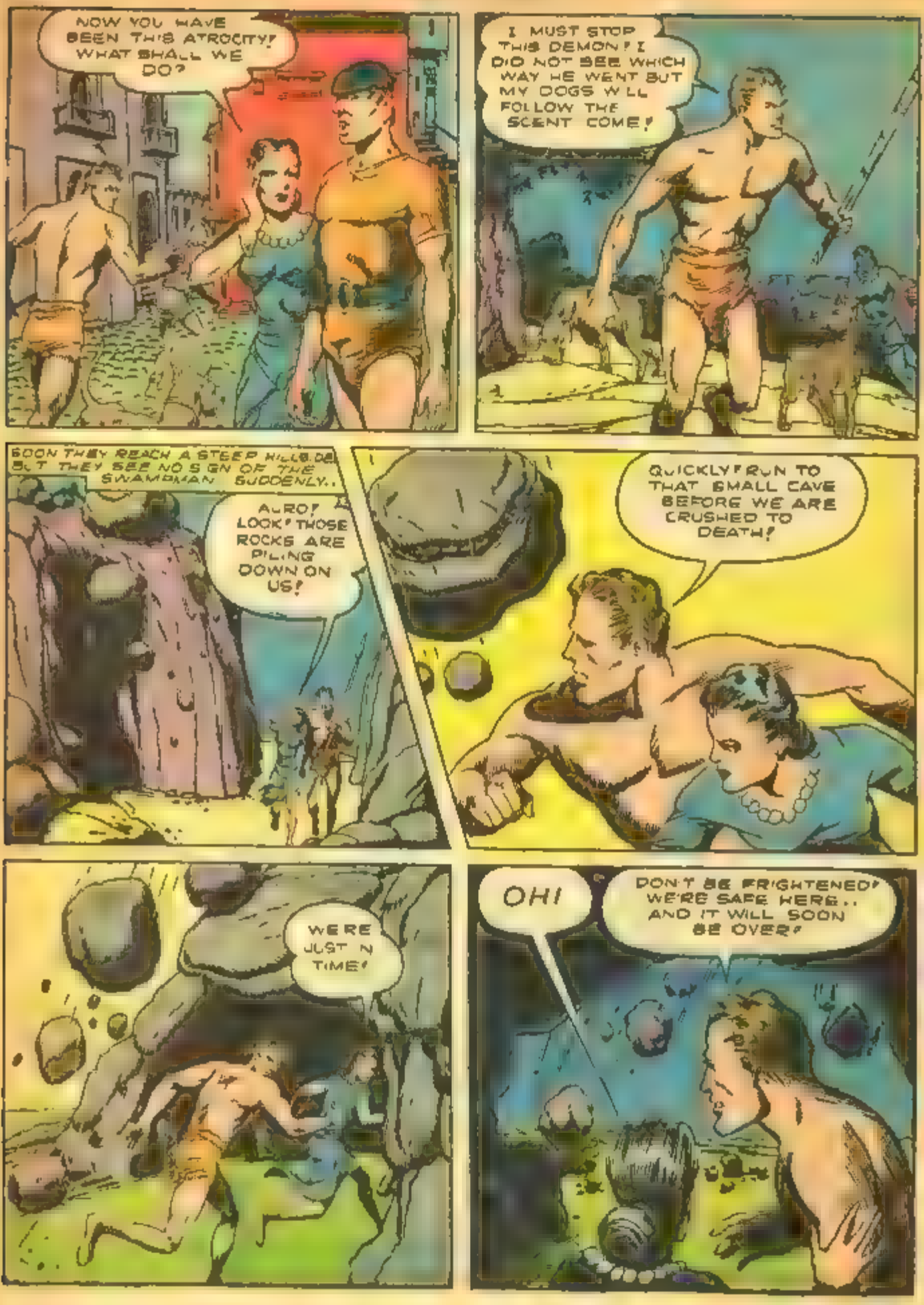
LORD OF JUPITER

By Dick Charles

BEWARE OF THE MARSHES OF YASGADOR, ALL YE MEN OF JUPITER! BEWARE THE TREMBLING EARTH, AND THE TWO-TON MAN EATERS.. AND ABOVE ALL, GUARD YOURSELVES AGAINST THE SINISTER SNARES OF THE LIFE-DRINKERS!

NO! DON'T TOUCH HIM! OH!
WHY ARE HE CRUMBLING FROM MY TOUCH?
WHAT IS THIS ALL ABOUT? WAS THAT MAN DEAD?
HE WAS MY UNCLE AND
HE WAS HELPING ME ESCAPE I DON'T UNDERSTAND BUT IT SEEMS WHEN THE SWAMP DWELLERS COME TO THE CIVILIZED PARTS OF JUPTER THIS TERRIBLE DISEASE OCCURS!
TOGETHER THEY START FOR THE CITY.
THE VICTIMS BECOME RIGID UNTIL SOMEONE TOUCHES THEM THEN THEY CRUMBLE IN DEATH!
IT IS A GHASTLY TALE YOU TELL! I WILL TRACK THIS EVIL DOWN!
BUT THEY ARE UNAWARE OF THE LURKING DANGER BEHIND THEM A GIANT REGOSAURUS REX..
THE FLAMING MONSTER ATTACKS
RUN FOR YOUR LIFE! I'LL TRY TO WARD HIM OFF!
OH! WE'LL BE KILLED
WITH A SLASH OF HIS SCALY TAIL THE BEAST DOWNS AURO
UGH!
AND THE MASSIVE MONSTER NEARS THE HELPLESS GIRL
HELP! AURO! AURO!

AURO SUDDENLY JUMPS TO HIS FEET
GET BACK, YOU DEVIL
YOUR CRUEL HEART BEATS FOR THE LAST TIME!
AFTER MAKING SURE HIS BLOW WAS FATAL, AURO SUMMONS HIS DOGS, AND THEY PROCEED TO THE CITY.
WE ARE AT THE GATES OF THE CITY NOW!
THERE ARE BOUND TO BE SWAMP PEOPLE HERE! LOOK, THERE IS ONE NOW!
HE SEEMS TO BE FOLLOWING SOMEONE! WHY, HE LOOKS ONLY HALF HUMAN!
SHH! LET'S SEE WHAT BRINGS THEM DOWN THIS DARK STREET!
SUDDENLY, THE SWAMP DWELLER CLUTCHES THE ARM OF THE MAN HE HAS TRAILED
DON'T MOVE!
WHA..?
WITH PRACTICED FINGERS THE STALKER INSERTS AN INSTRUMENT INTO THE VICTIM'S VEIN.
SOMEDAY WE SWAMP PEOPLE SHALL RULE THE PLANET! THIS DE-ENERGIZING SOLUTION IS A MIGHTY WEAPON!
HELP! I CAN'T MOVE! AH-HHHH

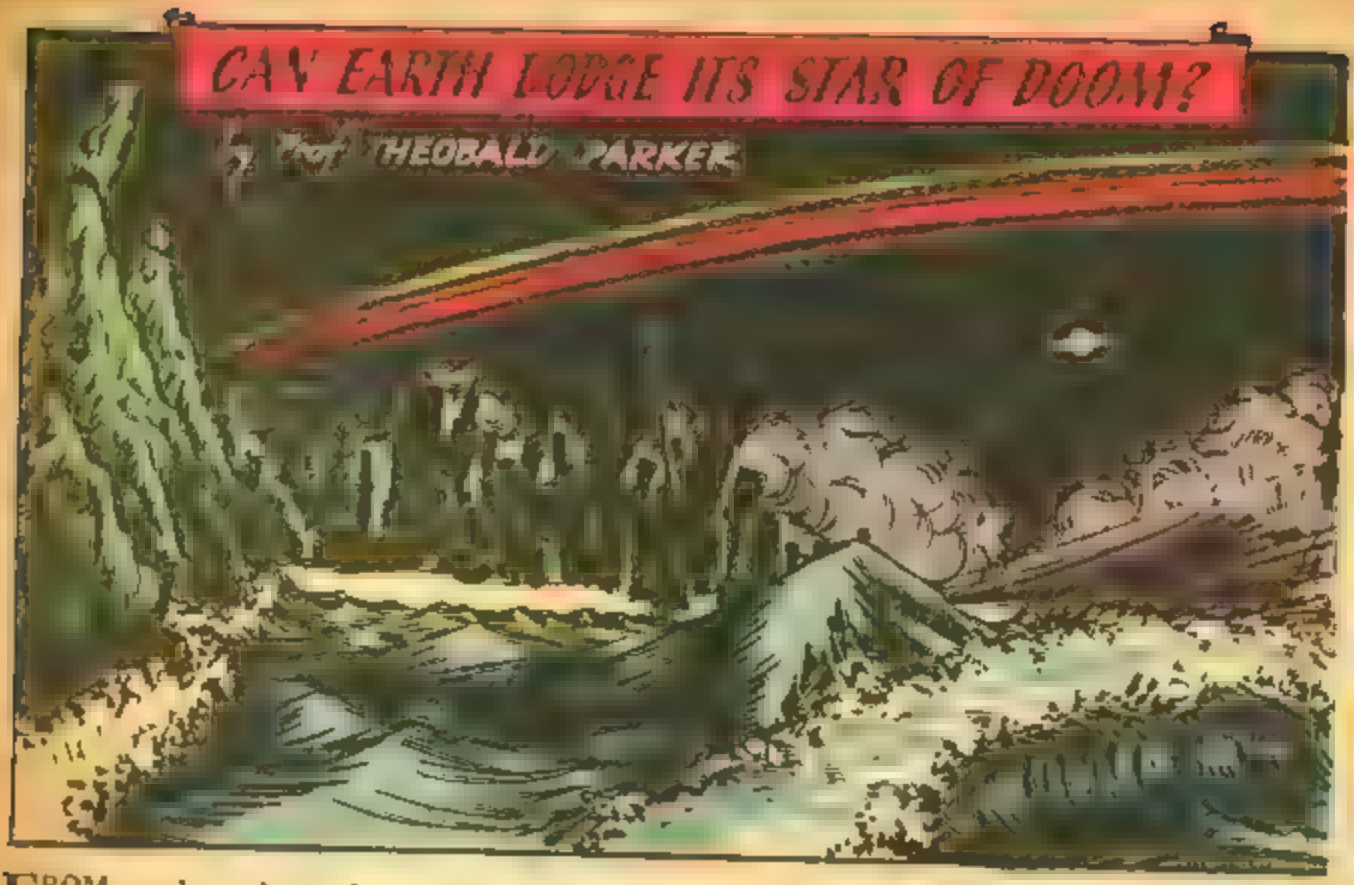

NOW YOU HAVE BEEN THIS ATROCITY! WHAT SHALL WE DO?
I MUST STOP THIS DEMON! I DID NOT SEE WHICH WAY HE WENT BUT MY DOGS WILL FOLLOW THE SCENT COME!
SOON THEY REACH A STEEP HILL SIDE BUT THEY SEE NO SIGN OF THE SWAMPMAN SUDDENLY..
AURO! LOOK! THOSE ROCKS ARE PILING DOWN ON US!
QUICKLY! RUN TO THAT SMALL CAVE BEFORE WE ARE CRUSHED TO DEATH!
WERE JUST IN TIME!
OH!
DON'T BE FRIGHTENED! WE'RE SAFE HERE.. AND IT WILL SOON BE OVER!

AS THEY EMERGE FROM THE CAVE THE ENDLESS, DENSE SWAMPLAND STRETCHES OUT BELOW THEM.
WHO IS THAT SPEAKING TO THE OTHERS?
HE MUST BE THE LEADER! SEE HOW LEADERS THEY ALL LOOK!
MEN OF YASSADOR! OUR ENERGY MISSIONARIES HAVE RETURNED SOON WE WILL HAVE ENOUGH VITALITY TO START OUR PLAN TO DE ENERGIZE ALL OTHER JUPITERIANS THEN OUR RULE OVER THE PLANET WILL BE ASSURED! TOO LONG HAVE WE BEEN THE WEAK MINORITY!
AH! MORE VICTIMS! AND THIS TIME THEY HAVE COME TO US! LET US PREPARE A REAL WELCOME FOR THEM.. HA! HA!
SUDDENLY..
EH? ONE OF OUR BROTHERS COMES! YOU HAVE NEWS?
TWO PEOPLE HAVE FOLLOWED ME HERE! AURO AND A GIRL!
IT SEEMS SAFE ENOUGH TO GO INTO THESE SWAMPS. THERE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE ANYBODY ABOUT!
DON'T BE TOO SURE, I...
AT THAT MOMENT.
YOU SPOKE TOO SOON, AURO!
UHHH!

SOON AURO AND THE GIRL ARE STRAPPED TO THE CRUDE TABLES OF A MAKESHIFT LABORATORY.
IT IS USELESS TO STRUGGLE!
YOU ARE RIGHT, MY FRIEND!
THE OPERATION IS SIMPLE! WE MERELY TAKE ALL THE ENERGY FROM YOUR VEINS TO USE FOR OUR LESS FORTUNATE PEOPLE WITHOUT THIS ENERGY YOU WILL SOON BE DEAD SO THERE IS NO REASON TO BE FRIGHTENED!
YOU ARE FIRST, MY DEAR! I SHALL PREPARE YOUR ARM!
NO! NO!
YOU HAVE FAR MORE ENERGY THAN I THOUGHT! THAT IS EXCELLENT!
YOU FIEND!
WITH A BURST OF STRENGTH, AURO SHATTERS HIS BONDS.
I MUST STOP THIS MADMAN!
HELP! AURO!

KEEP THAT INSTRUMENT AWAY FROM HER!
GATHER YOUR STRENGTH TOGETHER. WE SHALL HAVE TO RUN, IF WE HOPE TO ESCAPE ALIVE!
THIS WILL GIVE YOU PERMANENT SLEEP, YOU MURDERER!
LOOK OUT, AURO! HE....
I THOUGHT I HAD YOU TAKEN CARE OF FOR AWHILE!
TAKING THE GIRL IN HIS ARMS AURO FLEES THROUGH THE DARK TUNNEL THAT LEADS TO SAFETY.
AURO ALL THE SWAMPMEN ARE RUNNING AFTER US!
THEY WON'T CATCH UP TO US! IT TAKES STRENGTH TO CLIMB THIS SLOPE!
FINALLY THEY REACH THE TUNNEL EXIT.
OH AURO! BUT FOR YOU.. I WOULD HAVE BEEN KILLED!
IT WAS ONLY MY DUTY! COME NOW WE'LL ROLL BACK THE BOULDER AND SEAL THEM IN THEIR SWAMPLAND FOREVER!
MORE EXCITEMENT ON THE STRANGE PLANET OF JUPITER WITH AURO IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF
PLANET COMICS

PLANET COMICS GOES ON SALE THE 10th



FROM ancient times there has been considerable speculation on Earth's inevitable destiny. Egyptian and Greek astronomers advanced the theory that Earth would some day be demolished by a collision with some other heavenly body.

A few people in those bygone ages were inclined to agree with the star gazers. From the central idea of destruction grew other predictions far more fantastic than the original. Prophets and their ilk made many dire predictions. Some vowed that Earth was gradually drawing closer to the Sun, and would be consumed by the flaming mass. Others held that an internal explosion—a world-embracing Pompeii catastrophe—of volcanic nature would rend Earth asunder.

Having scoffed at these warnings for countless generations, it is quite logical that when a scientific mind brought forth a well-founded prediction of doom, human beings would ignore it.

But let us weigh the evidence. All things must some day reach the end of their cycles. That is agreed. The life of a man is limited. Mountains, too, are only temporary rises on the Earth's surface; erosion inevitably levels the highest peaks. The larger the substance, the slower its final dissolution.

Thus, no matter how terrible the final stroke of doom, Earth's destruction will evolve gradually.

Perhaps the most logical of all theories developed concerning the end of our planet is that of the Great Star. The first hint of warning would come when astronomers spot the massive body millions of light years distant. Upon discovery the next question would be in what direction is the star traveling? For, in relation to other celestial spheres, all large bodies move in specific orbits. Earth's orbit is comparatively small, taking but one year to travel once around the Sun. Other planets and stars consume thousands of years in making their orbits.

With astronomical mathematics the course of the Great Star is charted. Its orbit is found to extend far beyond the most distant galaxies, beyond man's conception of the universe. Thus to make the great circle, this tremendous ball of molten matter requires perhaps a thousand billion years to travel around its orbit. Since Earth is said to be only a hundred billion years old, when the Great Star made its previous swing around the uni-

verse, Earth was non-existent!

Could it be possible, therefore, that Earth is older than we think? This question is immediately seized upon by the scientists. One of them comes to the conclusion that Earth could be a thousand billion years old. Then another scientist, examining the Great Star's spectrum, makes an astonishing find. The Great Star contains the same composition as Earth. All Earth's elements—metals, gases and other matter—are represented in like proportion in the Great Star.

Slowly, inexorably the scientific facts mount up; each one adding evidence to the central conclusion that Earth cannot escape its destiny of doom.

We don't need advanced knowledge of astronomy and mathematics to sense the dire prediction. It is as simple as two plus two equalling four.

First let's consider the orbit of the Great Star. By charting its course we discover that its swing is bringing it in an arc that will cross Earth's track around the Sun. Secondly, since the Great Star is so large, Earth cannot escape with a mere brush off. If not by direct collision with the Great Star, Earth would be destroyed even by the Great Star's passing a hundred million miles close. The fiery ball would char our world to a blackened hulk.

As doubts are raised, let us consider the similar composition of Earth and the Great Star. Being alike in elements, is it not therefore possible that Earth was but a chunk of matter, torn loose by some gigantic explosion from the Great Star when last it crossed this corner of the Universe?

We can arrive at this conclusion by another method—the time factor. Comparing the revised estimate of Earth's age with the time required for the Great Star to make its orbit, we find that the figures coincide!

But facts and figures will not be enough to convince the human race that Earth's days are numbered. Since the era of final doom is so far distant from the time of first warning, and the span of each human life is so short, generations will inevitably disregard the fateful threat.

And as time marches on, evolution of human beings may result in startling changes. When men become immune to disease, when wars and rumors of wars are long forgotten, the human race may find that Earth is the long-sought Utopia. In a land of plenty, a land free from hunger and

hatred and pestilence, there will be little need for science and technology.

The direct outcome of these changed conditions would naturally have a direct bearing on man's lost awaredness of the coming doom. The mysteries of science having long since been solved, humans would no longer probe into physical research. Amid a veritable Earth-wide Eden, men would spend their lives in pursuit of the joys of living, art, music and sports. Interplanetary travel would have lost its novelty. There would have been wars between worlds, but as the airship of today has its ceiling, the space craft of distant eras would likewise be limited to certain ranges and speeds.

As the Great Star moves onward it would act as another sun, resulting in a golden era in which Earth's surface would bask in warm light twenty-four hours per day. For the Great Star, unlike the Sun, would shine up and down the meridian—from pole to pole—instead of along the equator.

Thus the great ice packs at the extremities of Earth would be replaced by lush growth of tropical vegetation. But slowly and surely this band around Earth would turn from green things and warm water to an arid strip whereon no form of life could be maintained.

With the Great Star moving this close, humans would again fear for the safety of future generations. The burning strip would slowly widen—one, two, five, ten degrees. Men would move their homes and belongings farther and farther from the belt of death.

But when the oceans, no longer fed by rain and rivers, gradually became saltier, life would scarcely be tenable. From an Eden Earth would become a vast, global desert. As conditions became worse, more and more people would emigrate to other planets. Every space ship leaving Earth would carry a full capacity of refugees.

Finally there would remain but a handful of scattered outposts along the coolest regions of Earth's surface, staffed by scientifically-minded men and creatures from other worlds. With instruments and charts they would record the terrible changes brought about by the Great Star as it blazed closer and closer to Mother Earth.

When the heat generated by the Great Star became unbearable, the observers would depart for the moon. There, protected by the low radiation of lunar atmosphere, they would set up a new station.

But not within the lifetime of these observers would Earth's final destruction shake the galaxy. They would watch Earth dried to a brown, dusty sphere. Then, as though touched by mysterious torch, the entire surface would burst aflame.

Years would pass while the fire ate deeper into Earth's crust. The Great Star, a boiling ball of fire, would soon envelope Earth in its glare.

From Mars, the moon and other nearby spheres, would follow a great exodus of those who feared the concussion would be too great to bear from such close proximity.

Then, in less than a century, the day would come. No, not the day, for the collision would be too tremendous to be fulfilled in twenty-four hours. And, since the only evidence of the catastrophic event would reach other worlds by sound—which travels at a comparatively low rate of speed—the first inkling of the crash would not reach other planets for several days.

If we could amplify a trillion times the sound of a pebble being crushed by a sledge hammer, we would approximate the tone but not the volume of the colossal crash. The concussion would send forth ripples of force across space, causing tidal waves, windstorms and other destructive happenings on all nearby planets.

As the days passed, and the ripples of force subsided, anxious eyes would turn toward the spot where Earth had been. The Great Star, surging onward along its orbit, would be burning brighter than before.

The planet Earth, birthplace of the human race, would no longer serve as a landmark for space ships to correct their bearings on as they hurtled back and forth across the Universe.

ANOTHER THRILLING FUTURE-FACT ARTICLE IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF PLANET COMICS!

Gale Allen

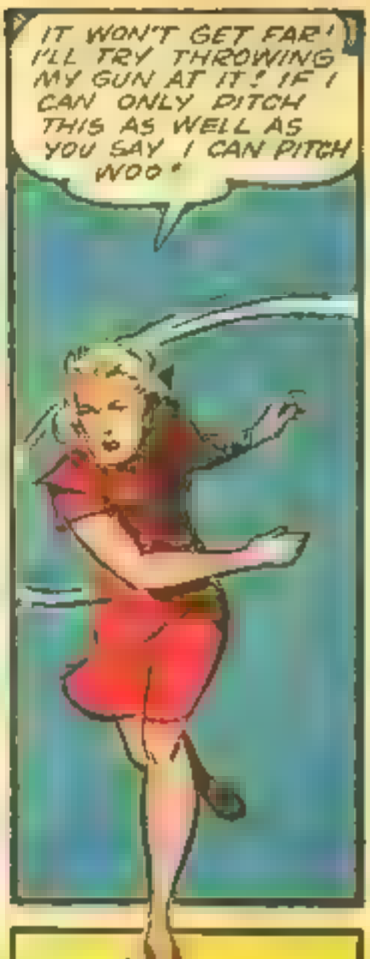
and the GIRL SQUADRON

by DOUGLAS McKEE

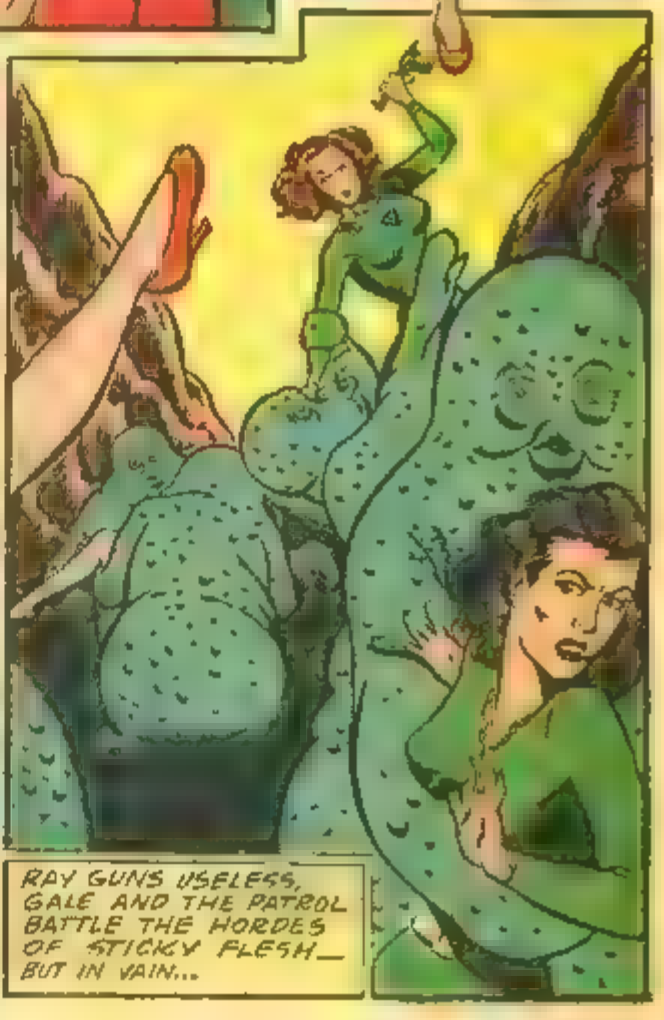
WHAT WE RO THING THREATENS THE VERY EXISTENCE OF THE ERIONIAN COLONISTS?. PULL IN GALE ALLEN AS SHE LEADS HER PATROL ON ANOTHER ADVENTURE INTO SPACE!

ON THE PLANET OF VANAM .
CALLING ERXO, CALLING ERXO! COME IN, PLEASE, IF YOU CAN HEAR ME. COME IN!
IT'S NO USE, SOMETHING'S WRONG THERE!

IN THE VICEROY'S OFFICE...
SO THAT'S THE STORY OF OUR COLONISTS ON ERXO. DO WHATEVER YOU THINK BEST. GOOD LUCK, GALE!
THANKS, AND THIS TIME I'LL TAKE THE SPACE PATROL!
AS SHE HURTLES HER SHIP SPACEWARD...
OH, DEAR. I REALLY DO BELIEVE GALE'S IN LOVE!
THE CAPTAIN PUT HIS ARMS AROUND HER, AND THEN... SMACK!
STOP IT, WILL YOU? YOU KNOW PERFECTLY WELL THAT I HATE SARACEN!
LATER...
HERE WE ARE GALE BUT IT SEEMS DESERTED!
WE'LL LAND AND GIVE IT THE ONCE-OVER. KEEP YOUR RAY GUNS HANDY.
NO ONE HERE AT THE AIRPORT. LETS TRY THE CITY. THERE MUST BE SOMEONE THERE!
AFTER A FRUITLESS SEARCH
WHAT NOW? WE HAVEN'T FOUND ANYTHING...IT'S EERIE!
I'LL BE GLAD WHEN WE LEAVE I HAVE A FEELING WERE BEING WATCHED!
SUDDENLY..
LOOK, THERE'S A COLONIST! QUICK AFTER HIM! BUT WHAT'S THAT SHADOW BEHIND HIM?
..AND BEFORE THEIR HORRIFIED EYES..
...APPEARS A WEIRD MASS OF HIDEOUS, HULKING FLESH!



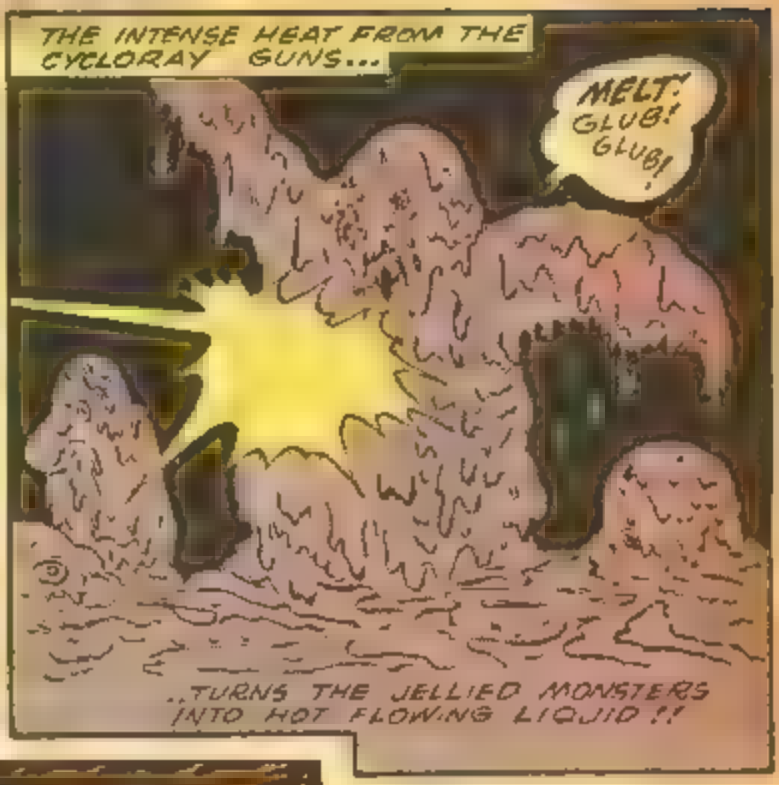
..AND THE RAY-GUN IS SUCKED INTO THE FLABBY OPENING...!

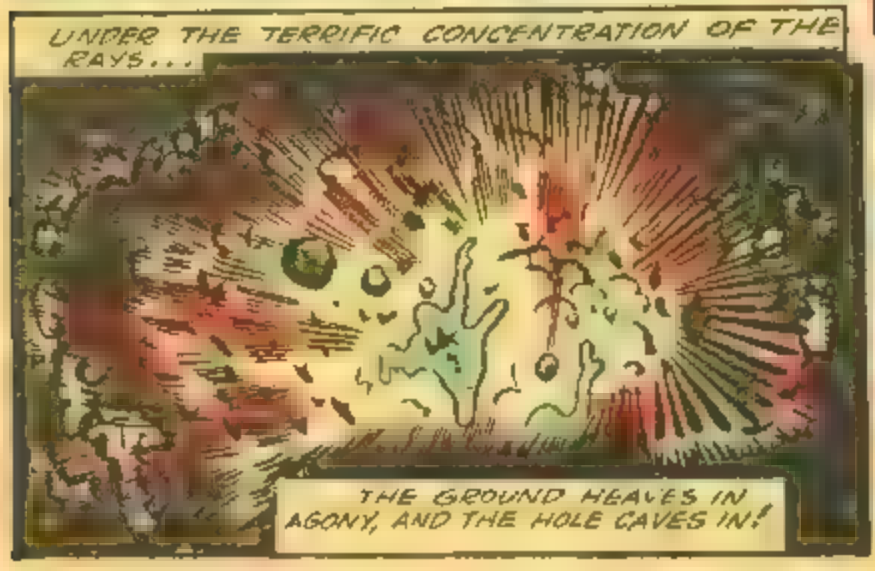


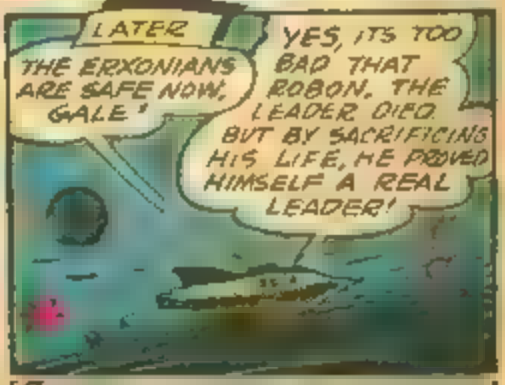
THEY FOLLOW THE RETREATING MONSTER SUDDENLY..

ZBLA, PLANET BELONG TO US! MAKE BAT FOR BLAXXO. RCEN!
IT'S ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE TO UNDERSTAND THEIR STRANGE LINGO!
BLUB. BLUB! WE KILL YOU SOON. PUT THEM IN CAVE
IN THE UNDERGROUND PRISON
AND YOU'RE ROBON, THE LEADER HERE! HOW DID YOU MANAGE TO ESCAPE?
THEY MUST HAVE DELIBERATELY LET ME GO, SO I COULD BE A DECOY TO TRAP YOU!
I'VE FOUND OUT THEY ARE CREATURES FROM THE CENTER OF THIS PLANET! BURROWING UPWARD, THEY FINALLY BROKE THROUGH AND CAPTURED US, AIDED BY THAT RAY NULLIFIER MACHINE! SOON THEY WILL BOIL US ALL INTO JELLIED PULPS!
MEANWHILE...
THE MONSTERS PREPARE THE GIANT CAULDRON FOR THE GRISLY MEAL!

UNDER WATCHFUL EYES, THE PRISONERS ARE MARCHED INTO THE MAIN ROOM...
MOVE, GLUB!
I'VE BEEN IN MANY A SCRAPE BEFORE, BUT THIS IS CERTAINLY THE WEIRDEST!
IF SOMETHING ISN'T DONE QUICKLY WE'LL ALL BE BOILED INTO "FOOD" I DON'T FEEL LIKE BECOMING A DINNER FOR THESE CREATURES!
IF ONLY OUR RAY GUNS WOULD WORK!
ONE OF THE ERXONIANS IS SINGLED OUT.
NO! NO! PLEASE DON'T BOIL ME! DO ANYTHING ELSE, BUT..
HELP ME! I DON'T WANT TO DIE!
SUDDENLY...
I CAN'T STAND THIS ANY LONGER, GALE. GET YOUR RAY GUNS OUT.. MY PLAN MAY WORK.. AND IF IT DOES....
RACING TOWARD THE RAY DEVITALIZER
ROBON HURLS HIS BODY INTO THE WHIRLING MACHINERY!



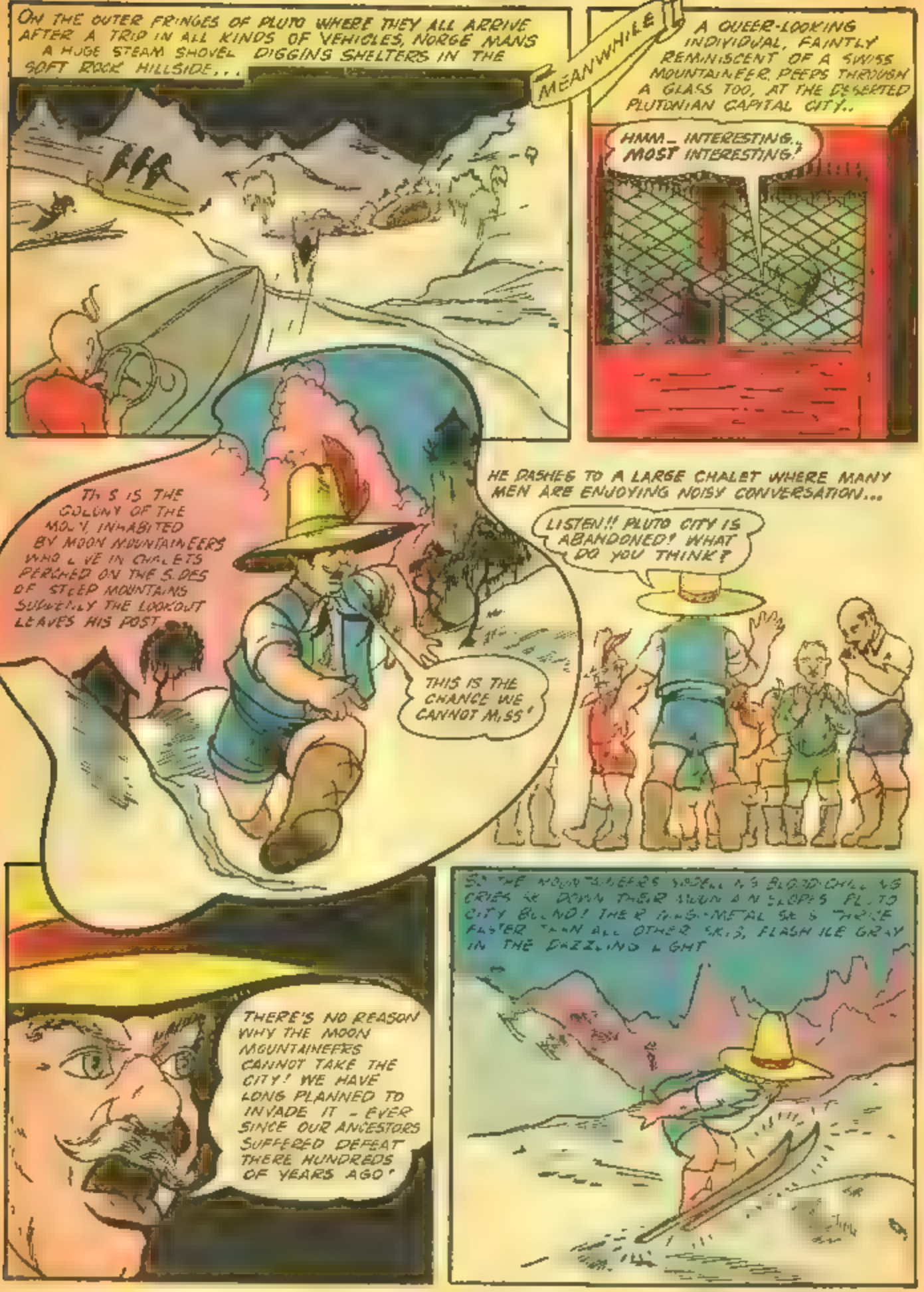



LATER
THE ERXONIANS ARE SAFE NOW, GALE'
YES, ITS TOO BAD THAT ROBON, THE LEADER DIED BUT BY SACRIFICING HIS LIFE, HE PROVED HIMSELF A REAL LEADER!

CAPTAIN SARACEN CROSSES THE PATH OF GALE ALLEN AND THE SPACE PATROL IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF **PLANET COMICS.**

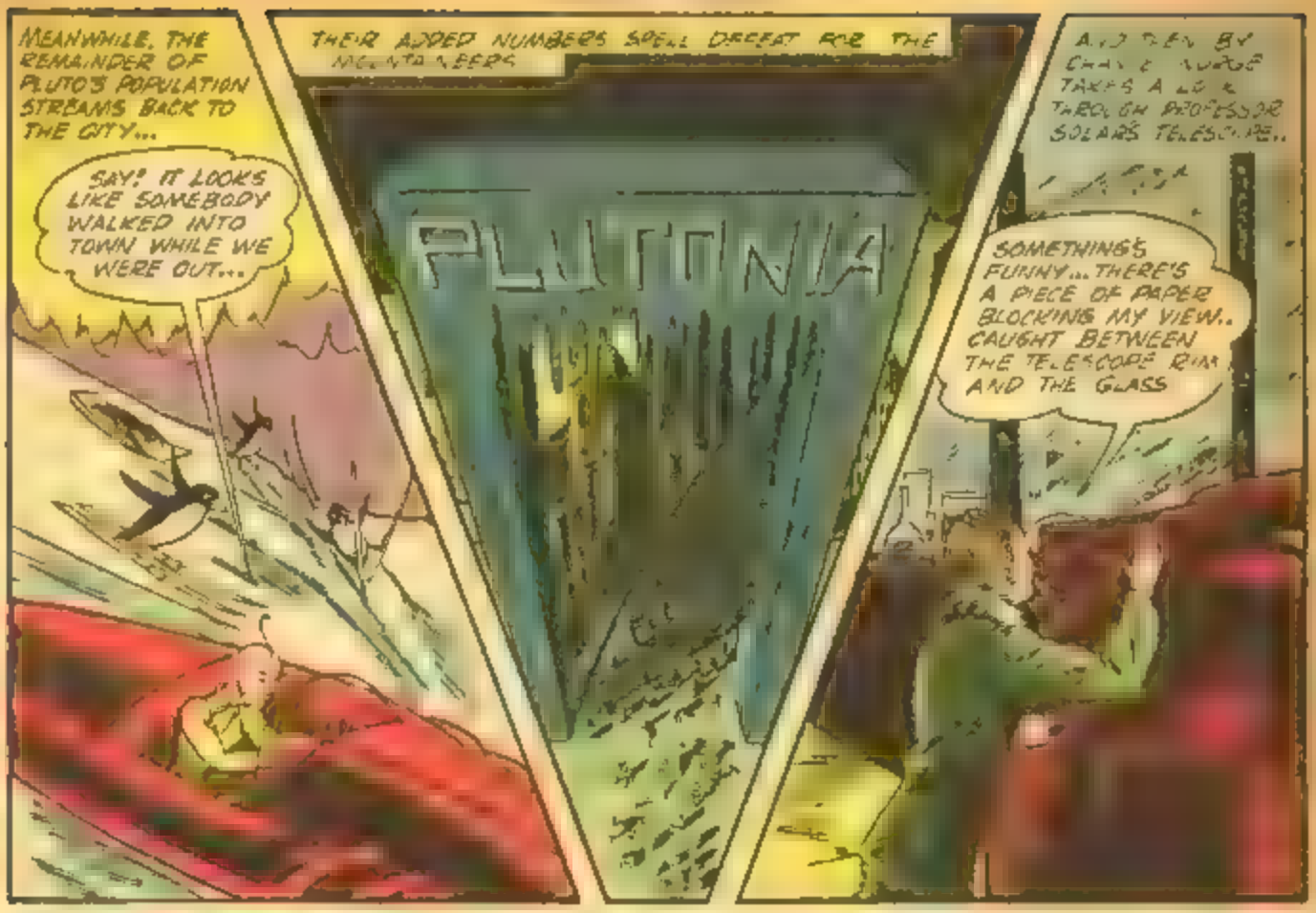
NORGE BENSON
BJORN
NORGE HAS BEEN ADMITTED TO LECTURE ON ITS TRAVELS AT MU TO U. HE'S NOW FALLING AN ENNUI UPON NO CLASS OF SLEEPY STUDENTS
SUDDENLY A MESSENGER INVADES THE CLASSROOM'S SACRED SILENCE
PROFESSOR BENSON!
HMM OLD PROF STELLAR WANTS TO SEE ME UP IN THE ASTRONOMY LAB CLASS DISMISSED!

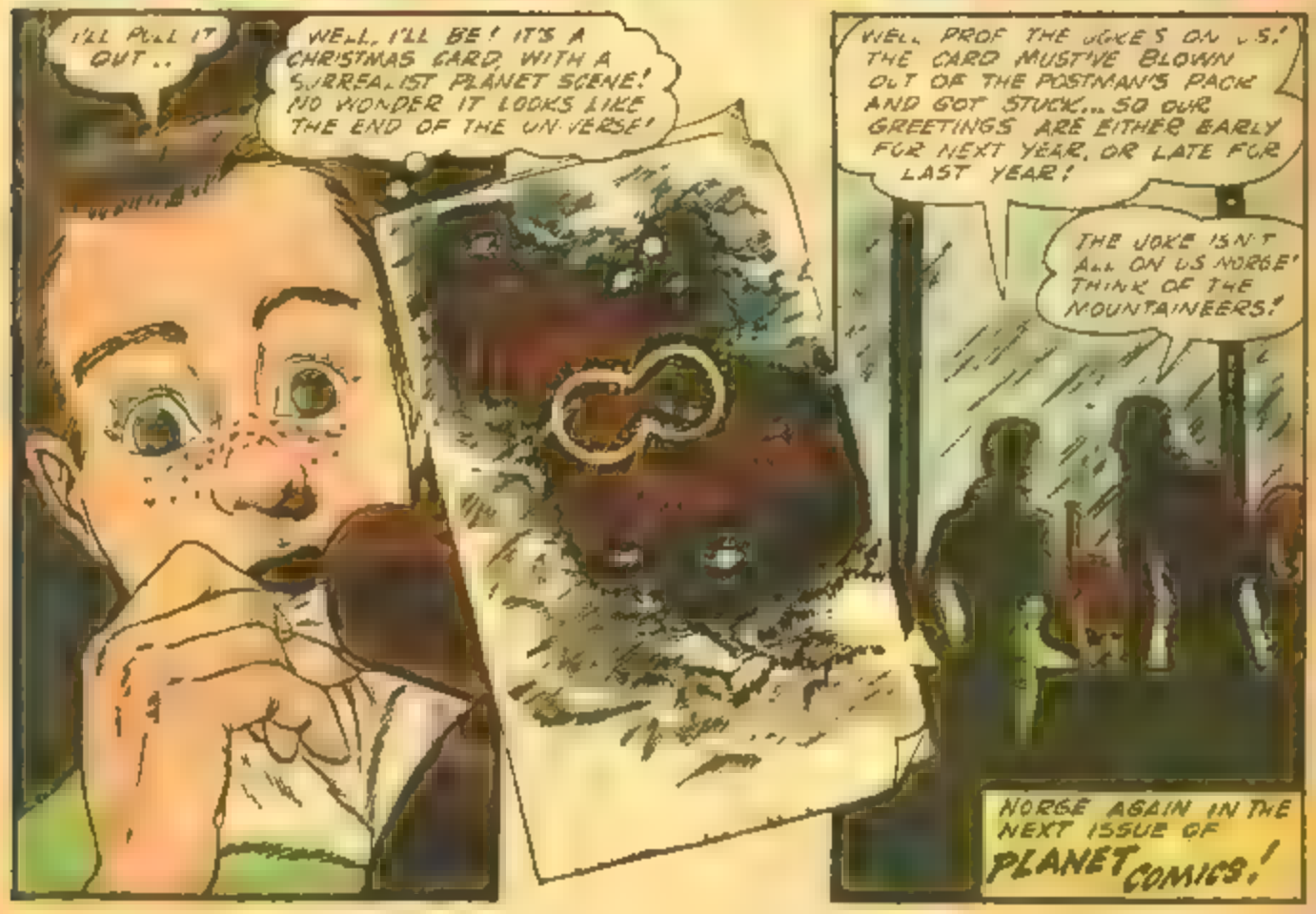
BREATHLESSLY, NORGE RACES DOWN THE CORRIDORS, AND UP THE CRAZY WINDING STAIRCASE LEADING TO THE ASTRONOMY TOWER..
WHEN PROFESSOR STELLAR RETIRED WE ALL THOUGHT HE'D
BUT IT SEEMS HE'S BUSIER THAN EVER!
WHAT'S UP, PROFESSOR?
THE OLD MAN BECKONS TO NORGE FRANTICALLY..
COME HERE! LOOK! SEE IF MY EYES FOOL ME! THE MOST HORRIBLE DISASTER IS ABOUT TO...
LET ME SEE!
THROUGH THE TELESCOPE NORGE SEES THE AWESOME SPECTACLE OF PLANETS RUNNING INTO ONE ANOTHER. A UNIVERSE COMING TO AN END!
THIS IS THE END OF PLUTO! WE MUST EVACUATE THE ENTIRE POPULATION TO SAFER COUNTRY!
SO NORGE, FROSTING AND HATRACK APPOINT THEMSELVES A DELEGATION TO THE MAYOR TO ARRANGE FOR THE HASTY MASS EXODUS...
...AND JOLIE WILL LEAD THE WOMEN!


ON THE OUTER FRINGES OF PLUTO WHERE THEY ALL ARRIVE AFTER A TRIP IN ALL KINDS OF VEHICLES, NORGE MANS A HUGE STEAM SHOVEL DIGGING SHELTERS IN THE SOFT ROCK HILLSIDE...
MEANWHILE
A QUEER-LOOKING INDIVIDUAL, FAINTLY REMINISCENT OF A SWISS MOUNTAINEER PEEPS THROUGH A GLASS TOO, AT THE DESERTED PLUTONIAN CAPITAL CITY..
HMM_ INTERESTING.. MOST INTERESTING!
THIS IS THE COLONY OF THE MOON, INHABITED BY MOON MOUNTAINEERS WHO LIVE IN CHALETS PERCHED ON THE SIDES OF STEEP MOUNTAINS SUDDENLY THE LOOKOUT LEAVES HIS POST
THIS IS THE CHANCE WE CANNOT MISS!
HE DASHES TO A LARGE CHALET WHERE MANY MEN ARE ENJOYING NOISY CONVERSATION...
LISTEN!! PLUTO CITY IS ABANDONED! WHAT DO YOU THINK?
THERE'S NO REASON WHY THE MOON MOUNTAINEERS CANNOT TAKE THE CITY! WE HAVE LONG PLANNED TO INVADE IT - EVER SINCE OUR ANCESTORS SUFFERED DEFEAT THERE HUNDREDS OF YEARS AGO!
SO THE MOUNTAINEERS MODELL'S BLOOD-CHILLING CRIES ECHO DOWN THEIR MOON MOUNTAIN SLOPES TO PLUTO CITY BELOW! THEIR ARMOR-METAL SKINS, THOSE FASTER THAN ALL OTHER SKINS, FLASH ICE GRAY IN THE DAZZLING LIGHT

ALL IS SET THE TIDE
PLUTON AN REALIZES WAIT
FOR THE UNIVERSE TO COME TO
AN END—
FINALLY WHEN THEY ARE ALL ARGUING ABOUT COOKING RIGHTS AT THE COMMUNAL FIRE, AND NERVES ARE AT THE BREAKING POINT, THEY DECIDE TO SEND AN EXPEDITION BACK TO THE CITY...
AT LEAST WE'LL KNOW WHAT HAPPENED!
I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN SEE FIRST HEY, IT LOOKS LIKE A WHOLE ARMY HAS MARCHED INTO TOWN!
WHO?
QUICKLY THE PLUTONIANS DASH TO THEIR CITY'S RESCUE TO MEET A FULL SCALE WAR... FROSTING IS CHASED UP AN ICICLE LIGHT POST...
OH, OH! SOMEBODY'S AFTER NORGE!
WHILE NORGE POUNDS AWAY AT ONE INVADER, ANOTHER CREEPS UP BEHIND HIM..
THIS IS ONE WAY TO SETTLE THAT ARGUMENT!
NORGE AND VOLIE LEAVE THE FIGHT IN THE HANDS OF THEIR COMRADES THEY MUST SEE IF PROFESSOR STELLAR IS SAFE
WHY DIDN'T HE FLEE WITH US IN THE BEGINNING?
HE DIDN'T WANT TO LEAVE HIS INSTRUMENTS HERE!

IN THE OBSERVATORY, A MOUNTAINEER WAVES A RED HOT POKER UNDER PROFESSOR STELLAR'S NOSE!
TALK! NOW WHERE ARE THE GOLD ALLYS OF PLUTO?
I DON'T KNOW—AND IF I DID, I WOULDN'T TELL YOU!
JUST THEN NORGE ENTERS, WADING THROUGH PILES OF BROKEN BEAKER, TELESCOPES AND OTHER ASTRONOMICAL APPARATUS
AND HE IS NOT ALONE, FOR JOLIE AND FROSTINE FOLLOW AT NORGE'S ORDERS...
OH! THAT HORRID MAN IS GOING TO KILL THE PROFESSOR!
THIS TELESCOPE OUGHT TO MAKE A GOOD BAT!
BEFORE THE MOON MOUNTAIN INVADER CAN OFFER FIGHT, NORGE SWINGS THE CLUB—WITH TELLING RESULTS...
HERE COME MORE OF THE FOE! JOLIE, GRAB THE ACID.
I HATE TO DO IT, BUT I'LL THROW IT RIGHT IN THEIR FACES!


MEANWHILE, THE REMAINDER OF PLUTO'S POPULATION STREAMS BACK TO THE CITY...
SAY! IT LOOKS LIKE SOMEBODY WALKED INTO TOWN WHILE WE WERE OUT...
THEIR ADDED NUMBERS SPELL DEFEAT FOR THE MOUNTAINEERS
PLUTONIA
AND THEN BY CHANCE NORGE TAKES A LOOK THROUGH PROFESSOR SOLARS TELESCOPE..
SOMETHING'S FUNNY... THERE'S A PIECE OF PAPER BLOCKING MY VIEW.. CAUGHT BETWEEN THE TELESCOPE RIM AND THE GLASS


I'LL PULL IT OUT..
WELL, I'LL BE! IT'S A CHRISTMAS CARD, WITH A SURREALIST PLANET SCENE! NO WONDER IT LOOKS LIKE THE END OF THE UNIVERSE!
WELL PROF THE JOKE'S ON US! THE CARD MUST'VE BLOWN OUT OF THE POSTMAN'S PACK AND GOT STUCK... SO OUR GREETINGS ARE EITHER EARLY FOR NEXT YEAR, OR LATE FOR LAST YEAR!
THE JOKE ISN'T ALL ON US NORGE! THINK OF THE MOUNTAINEERS!
NORGE AGAIN IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF PLANET COMICS!

FLINT BAKER

by GEORGE MYLES

FLINT BAKER ACE EARTH SCOUT AND HIS
THAT'S AROUNDS THE
PLANET OF AZITROTH, ONLY
TO FIND THEMSELVES IN A DEATH TRAP
OF SCALY HORRORS FROM OUT OF THE
DIM PAST...
THAT'S THE BABY MIMI, JUST ABOUT THE BEST SPACE SHIP IN EXISTENCE! IF THIS DOESN'T GET US THROUGH TO AZITROTH, NOTHING WILL!
IT'S CERTAINLY A BEAUTY! COME ON, LET'S START. ON THE WAY YOU CAN TELL ME ABOUT THIS NEW PLANET
WITH A TREMENDOUS ROAR OF ROCKET ROTORS, THE SUPERSHIP PLUNGES INTO SPACE
NOTHING NEW ABOUT IT, SCIENCE HAS KNOWN OF ITS EXISTENCE FOR YEARS. BUT A HEAVY LAYER OF GAS SURROUNDS IT AND THE SHIPS THAT HAVE TRIED TO PIERCE THAT FOG HAVE NEVER RETURNED!
HMM SOUNDS INTERESTING, FLINT. IT'S ALWAYS SO EXCITING TO BE AN EXPLORER!

MUCH LATER..
LOOK FLINT THERE'S THE PLANET AHEAD!
NO ONE EVEN KNOWS WHAT LIES UNDERNEATH THE BLANKET OF GAS!
GOSH, IT CERTAINLY LOOKS FOGGY I'M NOT SO SURE I'M GOING TO LIKE THIS! THINK WE'LL MAKE IT?
CAN'T TELL YET BUT IF ANYTHING CAN GET THROUGH, THIS IS THE SHIP!
SUDDENLY
WATCH OUT FLINT THAT METEOR'S COMING RIGHT AT US!
YOU'RE TELLING ME! IF WE DON'T FLIP OUT OF THE WAY.. WE'RE GONERS!
WHEW, MADE IT! HOPE THE HEAT DOESN'T BUCKLE THE PLATES!.. HOLY SMOKES, HERE COMES ANOTHER!!
BUT THE DENSE FOG OBSCURES FLINT'S VISION, AND...
CONTROLS JAMMED, PUT ON YOUR SAFETY BELT AND WE'LL JUMP!
HOLD IT MUM! DON'T JUMP THE MIST HAS CLEARED, MAYBE I CAN PANCAKE DOWN IN A CRASH LANDING!

IT'S WORKING! I'M LEVELING HER OUT BUT IT'S STILL GOING TO BE A BUMPY LANDING HOLD ON!
WE'RE THROUGH, MIKI!
YES, AND WHAT A STRANGE, WEIRD WORLD IT IS!
DOWN YOU GO... YOU TAKE A LOOK-SEE WHILE I FIX THE ROTORS!
NOT I.. I'LL STAND OUTSIDE AND WAIT FOR YOU!
NOT SO GOOD, THE ROTOR SWERVER IS DAMAGED. I'VE RADIOED EARTH FOR HELP, BUT I DON'T THINK OUR SENDER CAN GET THROUGH THE ELECTRON CURTAIN!
LATER..
WELL, HOW'S IT GOING?
YOU MEAN THE BEAM WILL JUST BOUNCE RIGHT BACK HERE?
YES, COME ON, LET'S SEE WHAT THIS PLACE IS LIKE.
FRANKLY, I'M DISAPPOINTED. EXCEPT FOR THESE TREMENDOUS PLANTS, I HAVEN'T SEEN ANY SIGNS OF LIFE!
NO SIGNS OF LIFE EH?
THEN TAKE A LOOK! WHO DO YOU THINK MADE THAT FOOTPRINT.. YEHUDI?
FLINT!! THE SIZE OF IT!
SUDDENLY...
EEK! SOMETHING'S COMING OUT OF THAT HOLE!
HUH?

HA! IT'S NOTHING BUT A ZARCON LIZARD SIMILAR TO THE ONES ON EARTH!
THANK GOODNESS! IT DID GIVE ME A FRIGHT FOR A SECOND!
THEYRE PRETTY TASTY ANIMALS SUPPOSE YOU START A FIRE AND ROAST HIM WHILE I TRY TO SCARE UP A FEW MORE?
ALL RIGHT BUT DON'T GO TOO FAR
NO LUCK WHAT'S THAT! MIMI'S SCREAMING!
HELP!
AS IT RUSHES BACK, A STRANGE LIGHT GREETS HER EYES'..
KILL! KILL!
NOW LOOK AT THE SMALL ANIMALS?.. HOLD 'EM OFF, MIMI!
MY GUN'S JAMMED!
SURROUND!
RUN FOR THE WOODS! MAYBE WE CAN LOSE THEM THERE!
THAT TAKES CARE OF ONE! LUCKY MY RAY GUN PIERCES THE HEAVY ARMOR!
BUT MORE OF THE STRANGE BEASTS RIDDEN BY LITTLE MEN APPEAR AND CONVERGE ON FLINT AND MIMI!
IT'LL BE A MIRACLE IF WE GET OUT OF THIS MESS!

AIM FOR THE EYE OR THE EAR!

AND SOON..
THAT DID IT, THEY'RE HEADING FOR THEIR LAIR!
BACK!! TOO MANY FOR US!

THANKS FOR THE ASSIST, YOU SHOWED UP JUST IN TIME! BY THE WAY WE'RE EARTH PEOPLE AND CRASH LANDED ONLY A SHORT DISTANCE FROM HERE...
I KNOW WE SAW YOUR SHIP AND THOUGHT YOU MIGHT RUN INTO TROUBLE COME, FOLLOW US AND WE TAKE YOU TO TANNA, OUR LEADER

LITTLE APE MEN HAVE TRAINED SLOTHTERN ANIMALS, AND THEY PREY ON OUR COMMUNITY THAT IS WHY WE TRAVEL IN SUCH LARGE GROUPS.

INSIDE I AM TANNA, AND I AM GLAD TO GREET EARTH PEOPLE WHO CAME THROUGH FOG YOU SEE, THOUSANDS OF YEARS AGO PEOPLE LIVE UNDER CRUST YEARS LATER CRUST BREAK AND GAS ENVELOP PLANET
SO THAT'S WHAT ALMOST KNOCKED 'S OUT!

YES BUT CRUST ALMOST GONE NOW SAFE FOR SPACE SHIPS TO LAND.. I WILL HAVE MEN BRING YOUR SHIP HERE... MAYBE WITH PARTS FROM OTHERS THAT CRASHED, YOU WILL BE ABLE TO REPAIR YOURS.
SWELL! IT'S WORTH A TRY

LATER
THAT TURNED THE TRICK TANNA WE'RE ALL SET!
HO, TANNA I BRING BAD NEWS!

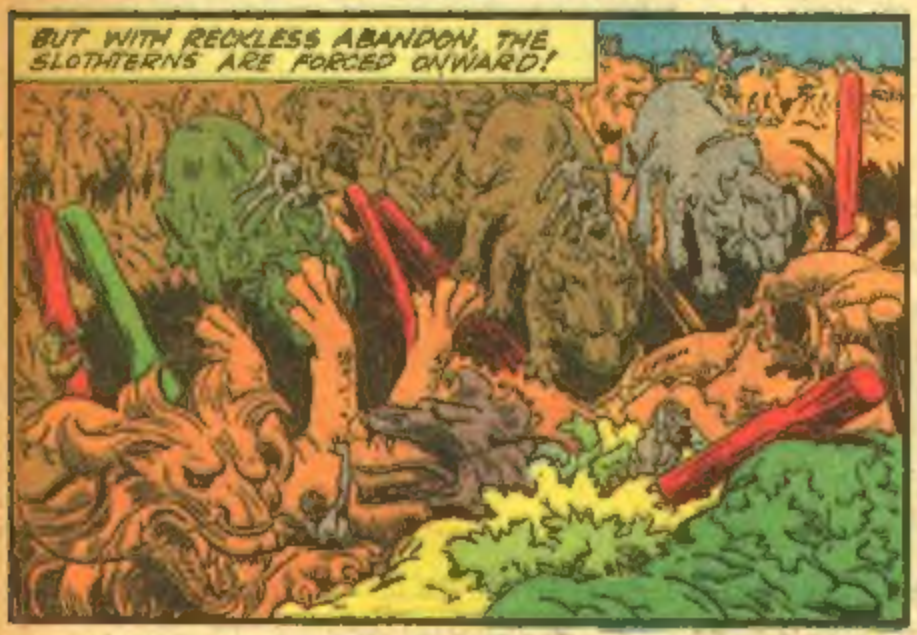
APE MEN HAVE LARGE GROUP OF MANY LEGGED BEASTS READY TO ATTACK US!

WHAT DO WE DO NOW? WE ARE DOOMED IF THE APE MEN LEAD THOSE BEASTS IN A CONCERTED ATTACK AGAINST US!
HM DOES SOUND BAD! WAIT! I'VE GOT AN IDEA!
MEANWHILE THE APE MEN FEVERISHLY PREPARE THE GIANT ANIMALS FOR BATTLE ..
DRINK WELL FOR YOUR TASK WILL BE HARD! YOU MUST KNOCK DOWN THE WALLS THAT SURROUND THE CITY!
THEN WE'LL BE RULERS OF THE WHOLE PLANET!
AT THE CITY
COME ON MIMI WE'LL HAVE TO WORK FAST IF WE WANT TO SPIKE THIS ATTACK ..
GOOD LUCK, WE'LL DO AS YOU SAY!
WHAT'S ON THE PROGRAM, FLINT?
TURN ON THE SHIP'S RAY GUN FULL BLAST AND YOU'LL SEE!
AND TAVIA'S FOLLOWERS IN GREY COVER CREVASSES WITH BRUSH
AT THE SAME TIME...
NO! WE ARE IN SIGHT OF THE WALLS! ATTACK!!

HERE THEY COME! THIS BETTER BE GOOD!
IT WILL. THAT COVERED FURROW WILL SLOW THEM DOWN!

GHASTLY SHRIEKS RENDING THE AIR THE APE MEN AND THE ANIMALS FALL INTO THE CAMOUFLAGED PITS...

IT'S WORKING! I'LL FINISH OFF AS MANY AS I CAN!


BUT WITH RECKLESS ABANDON, THE SLOTHTERNS ARE FORCED ONWARD!

OH..OH.. NOW WE'RE IN FOR IT! LOOK WHAT'S HAPPENING?

MORE AND MORE ANIMALS ARE FORCED INTO THE CREVASSE, UNTIL...

...A PERFECT BRIDGE IS FORMED AND THE MANIACAL APE MEN GOAD THE MONSTERS TOWARD THE CITY!..

MEANWHILE...
THE RADIO MESSAGE FROM FLINT SAID IT WAS POSSIBLE TO GET THROUGH THIS GAS.
I ONLY HOPE SO. THE STUFF IS SO THICK, I CAN'T EVEN SEE THE FRONT OF THE SHIP
WE'RE THROUGH!
THERE'S AZITROTH BELOW US!
LOOK! OVER THERE! ISN'T THAT A FLASH FROM A RAY GUN?
IT IS! COME ON, OLD FLINT MUST BE IN TROUBLE!
THAT'S HIS SHIP BLASTING THOSE ANIMALS!
PITCH IN, MEN AND WE'LL GIVE HIM A HAND!
THE COMBINED POWER OF THE TWO SHIPS IS CONCENTRATED ON THE STRUGGLING HORDE BELOW...
AND SOON THE ANIMALS ARE COMPLETELY ROUTED...
WITH THE SPACE PATROL'S HELP, WE'VE WIPED OUT MOST OF THEM, MIMI!
LATER
THANK YOU FOR SAVING US, FLINT, AND I HOPE THAT IN THE FUTURE THIS WILL BE ONE OF YOUR REGULAR PLANET STOPS.
THAT'S ONE THING YOU CAN BET ON, TANNA. I'LL BE BACK!
WATCH OUT, MIMI, OR YOU'LL HAVE A NEW RIVAL!
PSST! HEY, MIMI! RELAX! MAYBE FLINT'LL HAVE THE WORRY NEXT TIME... FOR YOU'RE GOING TO MEET REEF RYAN!

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LOOK FOR THE BULL'S-EYE

LOOK FOR THE BULL'S-EYE

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